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### GERHART HAUPTMANN'S "MARY" POEMS

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In the opening canto or *Gesang* of *Der Große Traum*,<sup>1</sup> which was begun in November 1914, the poet is led forth by his companion Satanael in search of a spring, the "Early Morning", from which man's world with all its darkness and light, its care and bliss, has come. The way leads back through the recesses of the poet's mind with its stock of experiences and memories, real and vicarious, that have been stored away in forgetfulness over the years and in the subconscious, only to return now and again in haunting visions and in the reveries that make up so much of our conscious selves. The first stopping-place comes at the black marble threshold of a tomb on which the poet is asked to write the name of his dearest amongst the dead. At once he writes the word "Mary", used as the poetic name of his first wife, Marie Thienemann, who died on October 6, 1914, shortly before the poem was begun. Hauptmann has written in later years several long poems devoted to her memory. They are "Die Blaue Blume" (1924), a poem of 952 lines in ottavarima, and "Mary", a poem in dactylic hexameters of 706 lines as published in 1939 in the volume of collected verse, *Ährenlese*.<sup>2</sup> Both poems were written, at least in part we are told, in Bozen in 1923, the one in the spring and the other begun there in October and continued at various times later on, particularly in 1924/25, in 1929 and 1936.

Marie Thienemann was born July 1, 1860, the daughter of Berthold and Rosa Thienemann. Her father had been in the woolen business in Berlin and had retired in very comfortable circumstances with his family to the country estate, Hohenhaus, above the Elbe near Dresden, which had been in his family's possession since 1864. There were five daughters, Frieda, Olga, Adele, Marie, Martha, and one son, Gottlob. The five sisters, particularly the last three, have become known in Hauptmann litera-

<sup>1</sup> *Der Große Traum*, Berlin, 1943; also *G. H. Jahrbuch* I, 1936.

<sup>2</sup> Printings of "Die Blaue Blume", (1) *Neue Rundschau*, Jan. 1924; (2) Reclam Vlg. 1929; (3) S. Fischer Vlg. mit 14 Originalholzschnitten von L. von Hofmann, 1927; (4) *Das Epische Werk* IV 153, 1935; (5) *Ährenlese*, 1939. "Mary", (1) *Das 40. Jahr*, S. Fischer Vlg. 1926; (2) *Ährenlese*, 1939; and in *Das Gesammelte Werk*, S. Fischer Vlg. 1942, Vol. 10, 13.

ture as "die Schwestern vom Hohenhaus".<sup>3</sup> The three Hauptmann brothers, George, Carl, and Gerhart married three of them, George marrying Adele, September 24, 1881, and Carl marrying Martha, October 8, 1884. Gerhart met his future bride, Marie, at the time of the wedding of George and Adele at Hohenhaus. For the occasion he, who was considered the budding poet of the family, had written a short "Polterabendspiel", *Liebesfrühling*, which was performed before the guests with Marie in the cast. The two became engaged shortly afterward in the fall of 1881. The father had died suddenly in the fall of the preceding year, the mother having passed away much earlier. The children continued to occupy Hohenhaus until the estate was sold early in 1885 and the family then became separated. In the interim Gerhart spent many happy days at the Thienemann home, partaking freely of its hospitality and accepting many favors in the form of financial assistance from his fiancée. Indeed the brothers as well as a few of their friends owed much during their early years to the wealth of the Thienemann girls. Gerhart was deeply indebted during his student days at Breslau and Jena to Marie's generosity. He owed to her particularly his trip into the Mediterranean in 1883, his visit to Capri with Carl, and his residence as an inspiring young sculptor in Rome in '83 and '84. Gerhart and Marie were married in Dresden, May 5, 1885, Hohenhaus having been sold by this time, and set up housekeeping in Berlin-Moabit. During the summer they vacationed with Carl and Martha and the two older sisters and friends on the island of Rügen. In the fall the young couple settled at Erkner. Three sons were born to them there: Ivo, Feb. 9, 1886; Eckart, Apr. 22, 1887; and Klaus, July 8, 1889.

On October 20, 1889, with the initial performance of *Vor Sonnenaufgang* in the Freie Bühne in Berlin Gerhart Hauptmann became a prominent figure in the literary world. Since that time his position has become established and his career as a writer is well-known. In the summer of 1893 he met Margarete Marschalk, and after the premiere of *Hannele*, Nov. 14, 1893, they found themselves in love with one another. There followed ten years of marital struggle and difficulty,<sup>4</sup> filled with periods of bitter misunderstanding and estrangement, Hauptmann being torn between his love for Marie, his wife, his sense of duty and responsibility to her and their children, and his infatuation for Margarete. He built a home for his wife and children in Dresden and another, the Wiesenstein, for himself and his "Rautendelein" at Agnetendorf. On May 18, 1900 Margarete bore him a son, Benvenuto. The spiritual turmoil brought about by these years is related in thinly disguised form in the *Buch der Leidenschaft* (1930), and is reflected in the themes and problems of many of his plays and stories. It was not until 1904 that his wife granted him

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Hansgerhard Weiß, *Die Schwestern vom Hohenhaus*, Berlin, 1938.

<sup>4</sup> Cp. *Buch der Leidenschaft*, 9 Dez. 1894; "der Tag, an dem meine Irrfahrten anfangen", et passim. The dates of the *Buch d. L.* are in the main reliable; though some of the earlier dates are one year late.

a divorce. On Sept. 18 of the same year the marriage to Margarete Marschalk took place. Ten years later, shortly after the outbreak of the war, Marie died of a heart attack in Hamburg where she was visiting with her oldest son and family.

The "Mary" had its inception in a visit to Hohenhaus in the early '20s. Though a continuous poem in its present form, it may be divided for the convenience of analysis into three major episodes or sections. The first deals with the poet's admission to the park at Hohenhaus by the old gardner, his leisurely climb through the grounds and visit in the "Muschelgrotte". Happy memories of the golden days of his courtship of Marie are fondly recalled, the whole being pervaded by a spirit of youth and joy, of beauty and innocence. This much, 342 lines, had appeared in the S. Fischer Almanach *Das 40. Jahr* (1926), though the *Ährenlese* text reveals many changes in language and punctuation and introduces some 40 new lines.

The second section is more definitely unreal. The poet, now in the company of the demonic "Winzer", leaves the grotto and climbs to the old ruined temple, the Kapelle of happy memory, where he witnesses the uncanny vision of his vengeful dead wife, aroused before him by the "chthonic" forces from the beyond. This section is filled by an unsparing mood of bitter reproach and remorse. The last 184 lines, the third section, brings the poet back again to the entrance gate and the gardner in a spirit of reconciliation, back again to the Diesseits, interrupted now and then by strange momentary flashes from the world beyond. At its close the poem is rounded out artistically in a mood which recalls its beginning, though one of satisfaction and completion now, rather than of expectation.

Both the first and third sections offer in a manner typical of Hauptmann a strange mingling of the present and the past, the Damals and the Heute, the Diesseits and the Jenseits. Can the poet regain the experiences now past and relive them with pleasure, or are they simply lost illusions of the memory? The old gardner serves as a link with the past as he opens the gate to the park, and at the end of the poem closes it behind the poet. To the latter the place has come to be like a blessed isle, a lost sanctuary of magic and beauty, which his memory has treasured through the decades. Here still live happy recollections of those now dead. Mary reigns as queen over this realm as she does over the poet's Leuke in "Die Blaue Blume". The Hohenhaus which he is here revisiting is scarcely as important or as alive as the Hohenhaus which exists for him in the recreations of his own mind. Therefore the constant interplay on the Now and the Then, the Here and the Beyond, and the constant presence of the question, where does true reality lie. In fact the poem is nothing more than a series of memories, visions, compounded of realities and dreams, pleasant and unpleasant, as created in the mind of the poet, the creator, the demiurge.

Ruhig, ruhig, mein Herz! und versuche, durchdringenden Sinnes,  
klar zu bleiben, mein Geist! Du erweckest die Dinge des Jenseits,  
und nun stunden sie auf in dir selber und wurden lebendig. . . .  
Du hast recht, und ich bin es wahrhaftig, der Halbgott, der Heros,  
dem die Kraft zur Verwandlung gegeben die Geister des Weltplans.<sup>5</sup>

The first part is beautifully idyllic in nature. Memories crowd upon the poet of happy days spent at Hohenhaus, the first upon occasion of the marriage of George (Heinz) to Adele, the engagement of Carl (Erasmus) to Martha (Melanie), and his own courtship of Marie. He recalls the skit which he had written, the grotto in which Mary had once visited him in her Grecian costume to seek advise as to her role, and where he now awaits her expectantly, when the entire vision vanishes. He finds himself suddenly confronted by the "Winzer", and the idyllic memories are darkened by those of tragedy and remorse.

This "Winzer"<sup>6</sup> who controls the second episode of the poem is an uncanny, spooklike figure, representative of the unseen but everpresent "chthonic" forces, as the older Hauptmann calls them, upon which he likes to dwell so much in his poetic conceptions. Here he appears as the emissary of the eternal Kelterer or wine-treader of life and is of course thus related to the vine-god, Dionysos, one of Hauptmann's favorite poetic symbols. In the "Blaue Blume" it is the old pagan god himself who appears. The emphasis which the mature poet has placed upon "Lebensbejahung" is symbolized in these figures, here the Winzer and his master the Kelterer — for the hillsides at Hohenhaus in Hauptmann's time were devoted to the cultivation of the grape — the latter a symbol of the ever youthful creative god Eros. Such symbols are to him not only the result of years of reading and assimilation of classic culture, but also of deep personal experience. His mature works are filled with a consciousness of a larger, irrational world which seems to encompass and in many ways affect our own rational existence. The primal forces of life are to him beyond human comprehension and control. We can know and express them only in poetic symbols. The strongest of them all, which like so many others of his generation he has celebrated in his writings, is that of creative love, the primal, universal power or urge, symbolized by the god Eros,<sup>7</sup> the oldest of the gods, whose irresistible might may either lift man to new heights of being and beauty or hurl him tragically into depths of despair and destruction. Hauptmann's characters usually fall victim to the powers of this god, and he either leads them to their doom or sears them with suffering, so that they are enabled to rise from the depths reborn in spirit and saved by love's power. Their

<sup>5</sup> Cp. *Ährenlese*, 118. F. A. Voigt, *Antike und Antikes Lebensgefühl im Werke G. H's*. (1935), 91, calls attention to H's Platonism.

<sup>6</sup> Stone figures, among them a Winzer stood in the park at Hohenhaus. Cp. F. Kammeyer, "Hohenhaus", and F. A. Voigt, "Hohenhaus im Leben und Werke G. H's" in *G. H. Jahrbuch II*, 81 f. 1937.

<sup>7</sup> Cp. G. H. Till *Eulenspiegel* (1928), 264 f.; *Ährenlese*, 118; *Festspiel*, (1913), 108 f.



creator too has learned the significance of this experience in his own marital life. "Mary" summarizes it all in brief poetic form.

It is the "Winzer", this incarnation of the Jenseits in the Diesseits, who is able to read and answer the poet's thoughts, much like Mary's white birds in the *Blaue Blume*. He conducts the poet to the old ruined temple higher up on the hillside, the Kapelle where young Gerhart and Marie had confessed their love and become engaged. Here in its dark interior the poet symbolically faces most cruel and crucial moments under the influence of the demonic Eros. The tragedy of his marriage is brought home to him as he sees the figure of Mary standing reproachfully, accusingly before him, her eyes now glowing with passion, now suffused with tears. She seems to be an incarnation of Persephoneia, "diese Blume des Abgrunds", "diese Doppelgeburt aus dem Schoße des Lichts und der Urnacht", a terrifying apparition from the "other" world, irrational, hostile, menacing. The poet turns away in dismay: "... Ich bin nur ein Mensch, dem Geheimnis der Götter, / nachzutrachten gelüftet mich nicht! Denn sie lieben das Grauen, / das dem Menschen sofern er es spüret, mit Wahnsinn umnachtet!" The vision and the "Winzer" vanish, but once more out in the open another painful vision seizes upon the poet; retribution overcomes him as he feels himself attacked by the Erinnyes, and amid the dreadful sounds of war and strife and lamentation, a vision as overwhelming as some of those suffered by Hauptmann's Till, there comes the plaintive cry from every side: "Kehre wieder, Geliebter oh kehre mir wieder! zu deiner / Schwester kehre zurück, deiner Mutter, zu deiner Geliebten! / Mag auch kurz wiederum das Glück uns gewährt sein: kehr wieder!" Filled with remorse he realizes that this signifies the tragic death of his own youth and early manhood. Then he becomes aware of the living presence of the god Eros and is reassured as he hears the god's voice speaking to him and realizes that he is himself at the same time the victim and the creator of these demonic visions. Hauptmann spares himself in no way and accepts his share, a major one, of the guilt in the breakdown of his first marriage, even though the ultimate cause is placed, as usual with him, in natural forces. We get a brief glimpse into the night of the subconscious where in symbolic form the shades of past wrongs arise for a tormenting moment: "O wer hat mich verführt an die Schwelle des Hades? Wer hieß mich / ungewarnt das Geheimnis berühren der Mächte des Abgrunds?"

A note of atonement and adjustment comes with the consciousness of the presence of Eros, and the poet wanders back through the park to conclude his visit. The last section of the poem has a mellower mood of reconciliation. Old scenes and pictures return, Mary in her zebra-striped jacket, Mary at the lion-mouthed fountain, Mary waving goodbye to him over the garden wall. But now there is also a touch of classic, pagan mythology; cupid appears in wanton playfulness; early Roman influences along the Elbe, once the Eridanus, are recalled. Haupt-

mann compares his own youthful appearance to that of the young Hylas as he tries to recapture the days gone-by, and bids them farewell, conscious always that all that was once Hohenhaus can now live on only in the cherished dreams of his own memory.

O wie schwer wird das Scheiden mir sein aus dem heiligen Bezirke,  
dessengleichen kein zweiter besteht auf dem Runde der Erde:  
Scheinbar nur übereint er sich diesem, in Wahrheit umgeht ihn  
ein Gemäuer aus gleichem Gestein und aus selbigem Mörtel,  
aufgebaut wie die selige Wohnstatt unsterblicher Götter.

"Mary" is reminiscent and elegiac in tone. Except for its central episodes it is rooted in real experiences. In the "Blaue Blume", however, we are transported into the Jenseits, to Leuke-Capri, the imaginary island of Hauptmann's dead, where Mary, the dearest among them, rules supreme. The former poem had already introduced us to Mary's double role: "Du Unsterbliche . . . gleich Kore begnadet / war dir ewige Jugend im Licht und die Herrschaft im Nachtglut, / wo der zweite, der nächtliche Zeus, deiner Schönheit genießet." The latter takes us directly to Hauptmann's "Toteninsel".

The "Blaue Blume" is a continuous narrative poem in eight line stanzas. Like "Mary" it may be divided also for the convenience of analysis into three principal episodes, (1) the arrival at Leuke, the meetings with Mary and the friend, (2) the revelry in the grotto and the vision of the blue flower, followed by the wild pagan water-bacchanal, (3) the procession of Dionysos and his followers to the cathedral and the final consummation. The central episode is decidedly Greek and pagan; the first is in contrast overshadowed by the large Gothic cathedral which looms up above the cypresses; the third part unites the pagan or Greek with the cathedral or Christian motives in a conception not unusual for the mature Hauptmann.

The poem, conceived and written at Bozen, begins in a manner often affected by its author. Aroused by the beautiful sunset colorings of Laurin's Rosengarten in the Dolomites, the poet's interest is attracted by an old motive, "der grüne Strahl".<sup>8</sup> It leads him to a marvelously beautiful island in the metacosmic spaces by means of a golden boat and to the music of many voices.<sup>9</sup> The beauty of the island overwhelms with rich vegetation and gorgeous coloring. High amongst the foliage rise the towers of the cathedral and half hidden in the distance the poet's eye catches glimpses of many buildings. He is met by a "Knabe-Lenker" or

<sup>8</sup> H. uses this symbol frequently. Cp. *Das Epische Werk III*, 77 (Griechischer Frühling); *G. H. Jahrbuch I* 140; in canto 11 of *Der Große Traum* a wine-colored beam leads to the "Toteninsel".

<sup>9</sup> Cp. Phaon's metacosmic vision in *Insel der großen Mutter* (1924) 260; *Wanda* (1928) 198; also introduction to "Die Toteninsel" in *Neue Rundschau*, Jan. 1927, where he speaks of "cosmic dreams", *Buch der Leidenschaft*, 22 II 1900; *Till Eulenspiegel*, 248 f. among many others. Also F. A. Voigt, *H. Studien*, Breslau 1936, 131 f. "Die Insel der Seligen".

"Knabe-Dämon", again a typical Hauptmann symbol,<sup>10</sup> and is guided to a height with a commanding view of the island and its beauties. This island recalls the "white isle" that sheltered the shades of Achilles and Helen according to old legends:<sup>11</sup> "Willkommner, dein ist dieser Staat, / wo deine Toten, dir lebendig hausen / in Hütten, Tempeln und verborgenen Klausen." He is taken back a bit at the sight of the cathedral with its "finstre Antlitz", but the youth reassures him: "Hier wird darum der Freude Puls nicht stocken, / sie lebt ja von den Wellen deines Bluts. / Und Leben wirst du, wo du willst, entlocken / selbst diesem Petrusfels deines Guts. / Es löst dein Wort zu mystisch süßem Rauche / den Stengen auf, mit seinem Lebenshauche." Desiring to explore by himself this magical "Wunderreich", the poet dismisses his guide and is soon attracted by the waving of white veils on the steps of the cathedral. It is Mary summoning him.

Wenn du es bist, wie soll ich dann ertragen  
des einen, einz'gen Wiedersehens Schmerz?  
Und ob hier tausend Sänger jubelnd schlagen,  
fast tödlich schlägt in Glück und Gram mein Herz  
bei deinen Schleiern, die so bettelnd klagen.  
Ach, solches Winken traf, wie oft, auf Erz!  
so oft du weinend von mir gingst da drüben,  
daß mich's im Wiedersehn selbst foltert, hüben.

Descending, he meets her: "... und eine Hand zerknüllte / ein Tränentuch. Ein Antlitz, grau wie Blei, / mit Augen, tränenregnend schwarze Schatten: / es war ein Weib und suchte seinen Gatten . . ." and is led by her to a golden house, surrounded by tall cypresses, where together they partake of bread and wine, and Mary explains briefly the nature of life on Leuke, over which she rules as queen and mother. The white birds which hover everywhere are her thought-messengers; on the island he is in her protective care; his every wish and thought is to be fulfilled. As he leaves her to continue his explorations he is accosted by a new arrival, a former friend,<sup>12</sup> whose busy life on earth had denied him the pleasures of a literary career and who now plans to enjoy them. At the suggestion of the poet they are directed by Mary's birds to a grotto where they desire to bathe. They are lifted and transported through the air as with wings.

Here the second part of the poem begins, the scenes in the blue grotto, whereby the island becomes definitely associated with Capri, the arrival of the boatload of happy youths led by brother Carl, from whom

<sup>10</sup> Cp. Till's Hetairos; use of "Knablenker" in the poem "Zueignung", Hadumoth in *Der große Traum*.

<sup>11</sup> H. is chiefly indebted for his conception of Leuke to the account of Philostratus in the *Heroika (Heldengeschichten)*; see also Erwin Rohde, *Psyche*, chapt. 2; F. A. Voigt, *Antike und Antikes*, 126 et passim.

<sup>12</sup> This friend is said to be Georg Reicke (1863-1923), writer of plays and novels and prominent in Berlin governmental circles. His death (Apr. 7) was doubtless fresh in H's mind when he was working on the poem.

he had been estranged so many years and with whom he is here reconciled. The following scenes are essentially Greek and pagan.

Und meinen Bruder hielt ich lang am Herzen,  
daß Jugendblut in Jugendwonne drang  
und die Erinnerung vergangner Schmerzen  
vom Jubelruf des Glückes widerklang.  
Wir überboten uns in alten Scherzen,  
nicht mehr erneut ein halb Jahrhundert lang.  
Der Jugend heiße Pulse hüpfen wieder  
durch unsre Seelen und erneuten Glieder.

The poet is greeted and celebrated as the lord of the island; "Wir segnen deine Schöpfung, dein Gedicht." Hauptmann now employs one of his favorite poetic devices. Like the park in "Mary", Leuke becomes a metacosmic utopia, a blessed isle of desire and memory, hovering in dream and vision above reality.

Wir landeten auf Capri einst, um reiner  
ein himmlisch Leuke über uns zu sehn,  
in dies erhoben nun, unendlich feiner  
begabt und mit unendlichem Verstehen . . .  
Ich sah hinab ins Einst, wie er mich lehrte.  
Ich sah Caprea, wie, begreift ihr kaum.  
Und als mein Blick zu Leuke wiederkehrte,  
ward alles schwer von unserm Jugendtraum . . .

Dreams of the past bring thoughts of Mary and all the youths join in a toast to her honor. At that moment deep in the recesses of the grotto there appears the vision of the blue flower, and all things seem to sing out in praise of Mary. This vision marks something of a climax. It occupies a place similar to that of the "chthonic" figure in the temple in "Mary" and stands out in sharp contrast to it.

Es klang aus uns: nur dich zu benedeien,  
sei auf dem Wundereiland uns Beruf.  
Und, nach und nach, zu deinem höchsten Weißen  
führt Tempeldienst und Klosterglockenruf.  
Dein Dienst allein soll wachsen und gedeihen,  
Und alles, was das blaue Wunder schuf,  
hier widerfahre Andacht ihm und Pflege,  
auf dieser Insel heiligem Gehege.

There follows pagan revelry, when Nerites, another "Knabedämon", rides into the grotto on a dolphin. Soon all have mounted such steeds and in a wild bacchanal accompanied by the daughters of Nereus the poets ride through the many grottoes of the island and on into the past of Greek myth and legend: "... unter Küsten, drauf die Griechenstädte / erglänzen, rauschten selig wir dahin."

The third section finds the poet and Carl, now called Hyppatos, back on the island, where suddenly a youth, Midas, appears, arousing strange feelings in the poet's breast,<sup>13</sup> "als dränge hier aus einer andern Sphäre /



ein neues Etwas, noch voll Erdschwere." He comes to announce the coming of the god Dionysos. The bacchic procession which accompanies the god follows him to the cathedral and the bells ring out as he goes on to his fate:

Ihr wißt, die Kathedrale wartet mein.  
 Ich, eingekerkert in die Leidenswelten,  
 betrete nun dies heil'ge Grab von Stein.  
 Dies ist mein Los. Euch soll es nicht erkälten,  
 denn morgen werd' ich auferstanden sein.  
 Und werd' ich heute auch ans Kreuz geschlagen,  
 schon morgen muß ich selbst es wieder tragen.

As he disappears in the cathedral where he is to meet the martyred Christos, the entire vision vanishes. A winged horse is to be seen soaring aloft, Pegasus mounted by a figure carrying a lyre — is it our poet?

Readers of Hauptmann are accustomed to such poetic motives and symbols. We find them abundantly as the poem closes: the meeting of the pagan and the Christian gods, of Dionysos and Christos, the cathedral as the abode of a denial of life,<sup>14</sup> the bacchanal as a symbol of the ecstatic affirmation of life, the ringing of bells at moments of high consummation, the poet as the incarnation of a union of eastern and western cultural entities, more particularly of Greek and German, sensual and spiritual, aesthetical and ethical. The "Blaue Blume" expresses a more positive spirit of reconciliation than "Mary". It goes much further in its expression of Hauptmann's Greek-pagan symbolism. It uses more definitely classical conceptions than "Mary", which is rooted, after all, in a definite and real location on the Elbe. Leuke-Capri is of the south and filled with conceptions taken from the ancients.<sup>15</sup>

"Mary" has been called an epyllion,<sup>16</sup> not without reason. What we have of it in the *Ährenlese* is a short epic in dactylic hexameters, complete in itself, well conceived and executed. Its hexameters, it is true, lack the studied classic form of German literary tradition, but they have a fluency of movement like those of Hauptmann's *Till*, a smoothness and ease that makes the poem for the most part delightfully readable. Hauptmann's natural use of language adapts itself readily to the rhythm of the hexameter.<sup>17</sup> A few rough passages bear witness to his attempts to recast and polish the verses, as for example on page 112, line 5 from the bottom of the *Ährenlese* text. The meter and language of the "Blaue Blume", too, runs smoothly, if at times a bit monotonously. Here he returns to the eight line stanza form used in "Col di Rodi" (1904) and in his first published effort "Promethidenloos" (1885). The Mary poems

<sup>14</sup> Cp. *Die Versunkene Glocke, Der Narr in Christo, Till Eulenspiegel*.

<sup>15</sup> H. treats the Leuke theme with greater dependence on Philostratus and the ancients in "Der Heros", *Ährenlese*, 79 f.

<sup>16</sup> Cp. F. A. Voigt, *Antike und Antikes*, 91 f.

<sup>17</sup> Cp. Julius Bab, *G. H. und seine besten Bühnenwerke*, Berlin, 1922, 14 f.; Paul Fechter, *G. H. Dresden*, 1922, 143 f.; F. A. Voigt, *Op. Cit.*, 92; Hans Hennecke, "Der Lyriker G. H." in *Neue Rundschau*, Apr. 1941.

are all written in traditional forms, the eight line stanza, the hexameter, *terzarima* (*der Große Traum*), and the sonnet, the latter in a poem which recalls the "Muschelgrotte" at Hohenhaus.<sup>18</sup> The text of the "Blaue Blume" in the printings in the *Neue Rundschau* (1924) and the *Abrenlese* (1939) and in *Das Gesammelte Werk* (1942) vol. 10, has 952 lines; in the Reclam edition (1929), in *Das Epische Werk* (1935), and in the de Luxe edition of 1927 there are 944 lines, the 63rd stanza of the former having been omitted in the latter printings. The Mary poems are too personal and subjective perhaps to interest the general reader. Nevertheless the vigor and fertility of the poet's imagination, his naturalness and humanness, his lack of ostentation and affection, and his mastery of word and rhythm lift both poems to a high level of beauty in form and diction.

As we have stated above the first stopping-place which the poet and his guide Satanael make in *der Große Traum* is at the tomb of Mary: "... wir traten in ein Land der Träume / und vor das Haus und Heiligtum von denen, / die sich gleich schwachen Wolken durch die Räume / der armen schlafbefallnen Seele dehnen." It is most likely that this canto was written shortly after Marie's death in the early days of the war. The poet sees her lying on her bier, her face drawn in pain, with a look of scorn and bitter disillusionment.<sup>19</sup> He is abashed and turns in dismay to his companion when suddenly the martial sounds of war are heard, such as come at the close of the dreadful vision in the central part of "Mary" and follow the appearance of Helen in "der Heros."

Drauf mein Begleiter: "Horch, was angeschwollen  
von allen Seiten ruhlos dröhnt und dröhnte,  
es ist die ungeheure Flut des Krieges,  
es ist der Haß, der Mord, den nichts versöhnte.  
Und als die Zwietracht, sicher ihres Sieges,  
um Friedensinseln stieg im Feuermeere  
da unterlag ihr Menschentum, da schwieg es.  
Da brach sie nieder von der eignen Schwere,  
die nun hier liegt und nicht mehr wird betroffen  
von Liebe, Haß, Verachtung oder Ehre:  
versteinter Hohn auf alles irdische Hoffen."

In the sixth canto the poet finds himself in the park at Hohenhaus. What follows is reminiscent of both the idyllic and tragic scenes in "Mary", though somewhat condensed. A note of regret and repentance runs through the vision; the "kehre wieder" motive returns: "Denk unsrer Kinder, ächzte sie in Qual. / Ich aber tobte: Freiheit! Licht! Genesung!" Although the poet tries to explain and excuse his own artistic aspirations he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to her:<sup>20</sup>

O Mary, Mary, was hast du getan,  
du Liebliche, mich so emporzuheben:

<sup>18</sup> Cp. *Abrenlese*, 209.

<sup>19</sup> Cp. H. Weiß, *Die Schwestern vom Hohenhaus*, 260.

<sup>20</sup> Cp. *Abenteuer meiner Jugend II*, Chap. 9 f.; also *Abrenlese*, 123.

mich Hungerleider, Nichtsnutz, Scharlatan! . . .  
 Wie wenn ein Bettler du am Tore bist,  
 demütig harrend der geringsten Krume,  
 und jene, die des Schlosses Herrin ist,  
 dich bei der Hand nimmt und zum Heiligtume  
 des Fraungemaches deine Schritte lenkt  
 und sich und alles dir zum Eigentume,  
 zehn Himmelreiche, dir errötend schenkt —  
 so tat mir Mary.

The Mary poems are frank and confessional. Hauptmann always draws freely upon his own experiences. The *Versunkene Glocke* (1897) particularly expresses the impending struggles of his first marriage. Happy memories of Hohenhaus, the sisters, the environs and atmosphere, the "Polterabend" are woven into the texture of the *Jungfern vom Bischofsberg* (1907), even though the scene of the play is placed in the hills above Naumburg instead of Dresden.<sup>21</sup> The *Abenteuer meiner Jugend* (1932) gives a detailed account of his courtship of Marie and their early married life, and the *Buch der Leidenschaft* (1930) unhesitatingly lays bare the conflicts of their marriage and his infatuation and wanderings, homeless and restless, with Margarete. It has been his deepest and most vital experience and has colored his entire view of life. Without it his literary work as it exists in its present form would have been inconceivable.

In Hauptmann's view man's deepest experiences result from his own inner urge for larger self-realization. This may lead him into conflicts which in turn bring him suffering and disillusionment. Many of his characters succumb at this stage, being unable to find themselves and regain control. To some, however, through the power of love, earthly or divine, a spiritual rebirth, a moral victory, is made possible. Salvation comes to them in the form of new adjustment to life and its conflicts. In *Der Arme Heinrich* (1902) this process is most effectively presented. The man whose spirit has plumbed the depths alone can know the heights. This view, closely in touch as it is with basic religious doctrine, has been burned into the poet's soul beyond question by his own experiences with the demonic Eros. The *Versunkene Glocke* states his problem clearly though in poetic symbolism; *Der Arme Heinrich* reveals his realization of a solution; *Der Ketzer von Soana* (1918) in more primitive terms proclaims the victory of natural, creative forces, of a larger German-Greek affirmation of life. Thus the Mary poems have in them not only painfully disturbing memories, but also notes of reconciliation and triumph. The trying experiences of the past are now regarded through lenses colored with Greek, Dionysian realism. Already in the "*Jungfern vom Bischofsberg*"<sup>22</sup> there was insistence upon a "cult of joy", of happy self-

<sup>21</sup> The story of Olga Thienemann and Max (Meo) Müller is used in *Hochzeit auf Buchenhorst* (1932); Cp. G. H. *Jahrbuch* II, 97; Olga possessed property with a vineyard in the hills above Naumburg (*Schwester vom Hohenhaus*, 220).

<sup>22</sup> This comedy is important as marking a definite turn toward a positive affirmation of life. Compare Ludowike with Lucie Heil in *Gabriel Schilling's Flucht* (1912,

assertion. This has become stronger and stronger after the Greek journey in 1907.

Time for Hauptmann, as for everyone, has been the great healer and reconciler. Memories have mellowed with the years, and to her, whom he confesses repentantly to have wronged so deeply, he continues to pay fuller and heartfelt tribute.

Oh, verleumde mir keiner das Glück, wenn es wahrhaft uns anblickt,  
unverminderten Glanzes bewahrt es der Spiegel der Seele.  
Erst wenn diesen der Tod zerschlägt, ist sein Schatten verloschen.  
Leicht, viel leichter als Glück, o ihr Freunde, vergißt sich  
das Unglück.

The gateway to the park at Hohenhaus swings open to romanticized dreams, never however without a touch of reality, and the little gondola, much like the one Pippa used to send her Michel Hellriegel out in search of his dream city of Venice, now bears the poet himself to his dream island of Leuke.

Dies war mehr, als ich unten erwartet am Gitter des Tores, . . .  
jetzt erschien es als Tor beinah mir vom Diesseits zum Jenseits.  
Des Mysteriums voll mir bewußt, so betrat ich den Garten.  
Doch ich trug es im Geiste allein, und die dichtende Seele  
war es, welche mit seligen Schatten das Diesseits bevölkert.

written about 1906), both having traits of Margarete; also Grete Bergmann in *Insel der großen Mutter*. In the *Jungfern* there are four sisters; in Carl Hauptmann's *Die Rebbühner* there are five.



### Verhör ich Hauch und Klang

GERHART HAUPTMANN

Verhör ich Hauch und Klang im Buchenwald,  
so geistert längst Verschollnes zu mir her:  
ein Lockenschimmer, eine Miene hold,  
ein heitres Lachen, Lächeln tot und schwer.

In grüner Tiefe schwind ich sinnend hin,  
wo Wünsche schmeicheln, die sich längst erfüllt;  
Das, was ich war, eh ich geworden bin,  
ist da, ist fort, ich bin von ihm umhüllt.

Musik? O viel zu rauh ist jedes Wort!  
Selbst fernste Äolsharfen wären schrill:  
was da ist, ist nicht da und ist nicht dort,  
und was da klingt, es schweigt für immer still.

(Ährenlese)



## THE TIMELY DRAMAS OF ERNST TOLLER

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Like many German poets born during the 1890's Ernst Toller came under the influence of the Expressionistic movement. The early members of this movement had experienced the desolate isolation of men living in the joyless, crowded cities. They saw human beings under the tyranny of a soulless metropolitan economy but, unlike the literary naturalists, they also saw their fellow mortals as having within themselves the potentialities of their own redemption. It was therefore a spiritual movement which looked upon the material aspects of social change as necessary but the basic requirement would be the conversion of the individual. These poets were not only sensitive to the soullessness, the aridity of their environment — they were also prophetic of the horrors that would follow in the wake of marching armies. They saw the god of war and the god of the cities as bent on human destruction. Against these tyrannical deities they hoped to raise a solid phalanx of human brotherhood which, inspired by unifying ideals, would conquer economic evil, and even the most barbarous of evils, war itself. Toller was influenced mostly by the poets and playwrights who lifted these ideals ecstatically into the realm of spiritual meaning — men like Franz Werfel, Reinhard Sorge, Heinrich Lersch, Fritz von Unruh and many others. Whatever their excesses, whatever the vagaries of their enthusiasms, these young poets were among those who represent modern German humanism at its best. The field of contemporary German literature is rich in those values by which the world may regain the power to live.

Ernst Toller was born of Jewish parents in Eastern Germany December 1, 1893. His early education and the spirit of his social environment tended to make him an ardent young nationalist by the time he was 18. At the outbreak of World War I he was enrolled as a student at the University of Grenoble, in France. He hastened back to the Fatherland at once, enlisted in the army without first going to see his parents, and volunteered for immediate service on Western Front the following spring. For 13 months he fought bravely amid all the horrors of trench warfare and then left the army on a medical discharge.

Becoming a student again, he showed considerable capacity for the nourishing of literary ambition and the enjoyment of bourgeois comforts. It was some months before the memory of his war experiences found that ideological environment which *tended* to make him an articulate pacifist and a social revolutionary. After a semester at Munich he wandered on to Heidelberg, where he became the leader of a local young people's movement which stood for the abolition of poverty and international conciliation. These aims were rather modest but they sufficed

to arouse the hostility of Nationalist elements — and of the German High Command.

Toller fled to Berlin. Here he associated with Democratic and Socialist members of the Reichstag and before long he was convinced that Pan-German expansionism and capitalist imperialism were responsible for the prolongation of the war. The Bavarian pacifist and Independent Socialist leader, Kurt Eisner, came to Berlin and Toller followed him back to Munich. Under Eisner's inspiration the ex-soldier became so actively anti-war that he was reinducted into the army and confined in a military prison. He now had the leisure to complete his first play and to study Socialist authors. Illness caused him to be transferred to a reserve battalion and in the summer of 1918 he was finally discharged from the military service.

He returned to political activity in Munich where he rose rapidly under the tutelage of the venerated Kurt Eisner. Eisner was appointed Prime Minister of the Free State of Bavaria and Toller was elected President of the Central Council of Workmen's, Peasant's and Soldier's Soviets, a non-Bolshevik group which became, after Eisner's assassination, the most powerful governing body in Bavaria. His regime however was constantly harried and finally overthrown by the Communists.

During this period of political turmoil the White forces were approaching Munich from the North. Toller took command of the detachments which drove them out of Dachau. He held that town but withdrew and resigned his command when the Communist Party line called for an inevitable disastrous defeat in Munich itself — a sacrifice of human beings which was supposed to redound eventually to glory of the proletarian struggle.

Toller went into hiding but after some weeks he fell into the hands of the victorious White army. He was brought to trial in Munich on the charge of High Treason against the rival Bavarian government, members of which had, themselves, participated in the establishment of the Soviet regime. (It should be noted here that *Soviet* meant *council* and was not synonymous with *Bolshevik*). He was sentenced to five years of fortress imprisonment by a court of the hostile Social Democratic government. As head of the Bavarian Independent Socialists and as duly elected — though imprisoned — member of the Bavarian Landtag his trouble-making potentialities were considerable but they would be stifled behind prison bars.

His term in the prison of Niederschönenfeld began in the summer of 1919 and ended in the summer of 1924. This is the period of Toller's most brilliant creative activity. Cut off from the outside world he drew heavily upon Expressionistic idealism, Socialist theory, the memory of the war and of two years of revolutionary experience, and wrote the plays, *Man and the Masses*, *The Machine-Wreckers*, *Hinkemann*, *Wotan Unchained*. The provincial revolutionary became an author of international significance. The champion of leftist unity, of non-violence and

human brotherhood became very critical of revolutionary violence, of dogmatic factionalism, of the German revolution, which had produced sectarian quibblers on the Left rather than free men.

Paradoxically enough, Toller enjoyed the greatest creative *freedom* of his life as a political prisoner. Once released from Niederschönfeld he had himself to contend with. He was too fond of bourgeois comfort and sensual pleasure to undergo that inner self-crucifixion which he himself posited as essential to any social reform worthy of the name. He never achieved a well-rounded education, he lacked the self-discipline that would go with his glowing visions of self-redeemed men. And yet he had the talent of impregnating old values with the fire of a contemporary spirit. I hope we shall see that he stood for those things which are paramount in our troubled world of 1946.

During the years between the release from prison and his suicide in a New York hotel, in 1939, Toller traveled widely. He devoted books, plays, articles and lectures to such worthy but unremunerative causes as social justice, civil liberties, democracy, world peace, the feeding of the hungry in both camps of war-torn Spain, the fight against the National Socialists who had burned his books and forced him to live in exile. Before he left prison he broke with all political sectarianism by giving up his leadership and his *membership* in the only Socialist party to which he ever belonged. This might have given him the all necessary freedom to heed unreservedly the call of humanity which resounded over to him from the days of Expressionism. Might have! But this child of his age never achieved the inwardness of true cultural freedom. He liked luxury and was constantly in need of money. He lacked the capacity for continued *self-development*. He needed collaborators to achieve even the very moderate success of his later years. He would have given his world fame for the ability to write a novel of distinction. In 1936 he plunged into an unhappy marriage with a young actress who was 24 years his junior. Politically he was disappointed with trends in Germany from the very dawn of the Weimar Republic. But it cannot be said that he died as the victim of political persecution. From his early youth he had been on rather intimate terms with death. Poetically he looked upon death as a living force which bowed in reverence before the work of the social pioneer. Death reconciled all conflicts in a spirit of Franciscan fraternity — it held the key to the eternal meaning of things. But there is something more to the point. In 1933, Toller published this revealing aphorism: "If an intellectual man yields to death, the compelling motive will be the need of knowledge." Death could free him from the keen awareness of his own inadequacy as a creative writer.

We have seen that the young Toller of 1914 was no Pacifist. He felt that he had succeeded in becoming German instead of remaining a Jew. To him every chore incidental to the training of soldiers was made sacred by the tremendous myth of the Fatherland in which he believed. But no lyric poetry grew out of this military enthusiasm. That came only

when modern warfare was seen as the carnage that it really is. That came only when Toller had experienced what it meant to march silently to the front at night with men dedicated to death rather than to glory. It was a poetry of resolute disillusionment supported by the spirituality of the expressionistic movement. He calls one of the poems a "marching song" — but what a marching song! It has the muffled, fatalistic gloom of a funeral dirge, not the stirring music of a military band.

Wir Wanderer zum Tode.  
Der Erdnot geweiht,  
Wir kranzlose Opfer  
Zu Letztem bereit.

Wir Preis einer Mutter,  
Die nie sich erfüllt,  
Wir wunschlose Kinder  
Von Schmerzen gestillt.

Wir Tränen der Frauen,  
Wir lichtlose Nacht,  
Wir Waisen der Erde  
Ziehn stumm in die Schlacht.

War is no longer the path to glory. It is the desecrator of humanity. The poet sees the heaped-up, maimed, decomposing bodies, shattered brains, exposed entrails, — Frenchmen and Germans in the horrifying embrace of death. A plea for human brotherhood comes into his poetry as he calls upon the women of Germany and the women of France to experience the depth and the fullness of their grief so that it may spur them to action on behalf of peace. In a wretched man-made world of hate and suffering he looks forward to the solidarity of womanhood and the activism of young people in every land.

Out of Toller's war experiences and out of his immersion in the finer idealism of the Expressionistic movement came his first play, *Die Wandlung*, translated under the title *Transformation*. It stood for spiritual revolution, for a resurrection of man's submerged humanity. Or again we might call the play *self-redemption* for the author maintains that civilized man must redeem himself through his own spiritual effort, that he must walk the painful road to the Calvary of self-crucifixion. The hero is bent on finding his way back to all humanity, which appears to him as an infinite sea, but his sister realizes that humanity itself has a destiny and that he would dwell in a void if his way to man did not lead ultimately to God.

Even in its Expressionistic dream pictures the play is a thoroughly contemporary attack upon the vital problems of our age. It deals boldly with varied forms of oppression, materialism and militarism. It breaks with the tradition of literary naturalism in that it places the primary responsibility upon the individual himself. It attacks the proletarian agi-



tator who places all blame upon the environment and converts a peaceful assembly into a rabble ready for slaughter and destruction. Only those men who are capable of self-purification should undertake to march upon the strongholds of oppression and they should do so only by methods of pacifist activism, according to the hero.

A distinguished French critic has seen a nihilistic tendency in this play because it attacks practically all institutions which have shaped the development of modern man — the state, the Fatherland, the military organization, the family, religion, and the economic order. There is to be sure an outright condemnation of militarism and the author does not distinguish between aggression and legitimate defense. The other institutions, however, are not to be destroyed. Like man himself they are to be cleansed of the oppressive, anti-social aspects which they have acquired and the materialistic opportunism manifested in some of their representatives. In a regenerated society imbued with the gospel of peace and universal brotherhood the individual will feel closer to his family and his church, his state and his fatherland. Thus the play is far from representing a nihilistic destruction of time-honored values. There are episodes of pessimistic gloom, of sordid and harrowing detail because the poet believed in the necessity of being near to all human suffering, of knowing all phenomena that tend to debase the human personality. But there is transformation and all ends on a note of beaming visions and expressionistic ecstasy.

Toller still has a great deal to say to a world in which justice, freedom and peace are the inseparable preoccupations of thinking people. The fight for peace runs through the whole of his twenty-two years of creative activity. Because of its far-reaching implications he called peace "the revolutionary activity of man." He called a hero's death "a small thing in comparison with a heroic life of great moral aims, which daily and hourly demands renunciation and manliness, a daring and strong spirit." He looked upon peace as something more than the absence of war. True peace is a dynamic state of affairs in which "the ideas of social justice, the ideas of spiritual freedom, the ideas of the true development of all citizens shall penetrate the work of all nations."

Toller returned to this ideal repeatedly in his plays, notably in *Man and the Masses*, *The Machine Workers*, *Hinkemann*, *Wotan Unchained*, *Pastor Hall*, and *No More Peace!* *Hinkemann* symbolizes the destruction of a human person through war and cruelty. The hero cries out to his fellow proletarians of Communist persuasion, "Wie müßt ihr anders werden um eine neue Gesellschaft zu bauen!" (How you must change in order to establish a new society.) Here he gives emphasis to the central theme of *Transformation*. Peace is the revolutionary activity of man and transformation is therefore a revolutionary necessity. *Man and the Masses* envisions the ultimate triumph of brotherly love over Marxist incitements to class hatred. And what is important for our day is that this world-famous drama shows war and violence as the tools of Com-

munist aggression as well as of capitalist imperialism. And equally important is the fact that Toller, through the heroine of this play, presented a thoroughly spiritualized appeal as having eternal value whereas the rabble-rousing tactics of her Marxist opponent are relegated to the limbo of forgotten violence.

Early in the history of the National Socialist movement Toller realized the danger of Hitler's dictatorial militarism. As early as 1923 he wrote *Wotan Unchained*, a blunt and rollicking farce which satirized the Führer in the person of an unsuccessful barber — and dabbler in different things. This barber, who, like Hitler, was a voracious reader of popular, nationalistic stuff, suddenly discovered that he had the most valuable gift of the successful demagogue. He could sway the masses through his oratorical appeal to all the varied elements that were dissatisfied with the republican regime. He won the support of anti-republican militarists and even influential Jews overlooked his anti-semitism and gave him the necessary public and administrative help. With clear and prophetic insight Toller portrayed Nazism as the huge and tragic farce that it really was.

This is also true of his play *No More Peace!* for which no less a poet than W. H. Auden translated and adapted the lyrics. Like *Wotan Unchained* it pretends to be nothing more than a blunt satirical farce. It is primarily a satire on the insincerities of the peace movement and of National Socialism but in this case the Nazis are Jews — the citizens of the fictitious little Jewish land of Dunkelstein. Toller's point seems to be that Jews are as susceptible to racial stupidity and nationalistic madness as any other group. The Führer of this play is again a barber. He is, like Hitler, an ex-service man and his central myth is the purity of the Jewish blood of Dunkelstein. Before his advent, however, peace is in the air. At a grand and glorious peace celebration, of which a banker has charge, we hear these lines at the end of a speech:

Two thousand Christian years have passed;  
Man's a pacifist at last.  
Nations, classes, rich and poor  
Look with eyes of hate no more.  
White and yellow, black and brown,  
To the feast of love sit down;  
And the smiling earth may sing  
"War's a forgotten thing."

To show that he is in earnest about the business of peace — and it is a business, it's everybody's very temporary opportunity — the banker, Laban, gives his daughter, Rachael, in marriage to a non-Dunkelsteiner. And now it's time for David, the schoolmaster, to show what his pupils can do with a peace song of his own composition. The children sing:

We are the new battalions,  
Humanity's police;  
And love is our commander,  
And his word is Peace.  
With heart and soul  
Till we reach the goal,  
O'er earth and air and sea,  
We will sing this song  
As we march along,  
Marching on to Victory.

But very soon a telegram arrives. War has been declared. Who declared war? Nobody knows. But immediately the erstwhile peace song becomes song of victory

We are the new battalions,  
Let nations stand in awe;  
For pride is our commander,  
And his word is War.

With heart and soul  
Till we reach the goal,  
O'er earth and air and sea  
We will sing this song  
As we march along,  
Marching on to Victory.

And the financiers, who had just contemplated the financial returns of peace, find that war profiteering is a more exhilarating game. Here are some lines of the song they sing:

When it's time for war, rejoice; but say  
it was your neighbor's choice.  
When peace comes, though it's a farce, bear  
it with patience — it will pass.

Yes, Love was meant for pleasure  
And Business meant for gain;  
And who will share his treasure  
To cure another's pain?  
And the dying — leave them lying! —  
Will not rise again.

The forces of high finance now make Cain the dictator of Dunkelstein. This Führer of obscure origin denounces all liberals, pacifists and communists in the same breath and berates the unknown "hereditary enemy." Truth, morality, religion, social welfare — all of these he turns upside down in the topsy-turvy madness of total preparation for war. When

someone objects that a certain salute is Roman, he affirms that it's genuine Dunkelstein. In noisy exultation his subjects shout the greeting "Hail Cain!" The dictator sings:

I will give you flags and banners and  
processions and a band;  
You shall march in step together, you  
shall feel just grand.

For I am the simple answer  
To the man's and maiden's prayer,  
I am the spring in the desert,  
I am the song in the air  
The clue to history,  
I am the Mystery,  
I am the Miracle Man.

It is hard to make decisions, to distinguish  
right from wrong,  
Let me make your choice for you; you'll be  
free the whole day long.

High up on Olympus St. Francis sits in despair over the whole un-Christian racial and military madness. He sends Socrates to Dunkelstein but this champion of traditional reasoning is promptly arrested as a subversive character. Unwilling to drink a second cup of hemlock, he manages to escape. But after talking things over with St. Francis and Napoleon he returns to Dunkelstein, this time disguised as the President of the League of Nations. He gives Dictator Cain the \$50,000 Nobel Peace Bribe under the condition that he stop the war. But when Socrates attempts to reason with the masses against nationalistic militarism and racialism he is promptly shouted down and stoned by the indoctrinated mob. Reason is dead. The Dictator confiscates the \$50,000 and turns to the microphone with these words:

Fellow countrymen: I acknowledge your spontaneous enthusiasm and salute your struggle for purity of blood, for purity of soil. The defilers of our race shall be punished as they deserve. Dunkelstein for the Dunkelsteiners.

Ultimately Cain falls, as Wotan had fallen before him — as Hitler and Mussolini were destined to fall years later.

Overthrowing a dictatorship is an easy matter in Toller's plays but this ease is not justified by the facts of recent history. However, his basic thesis that dictators cannot survive the withdrawal of financial and military support, and the restoration of democratic processes, is patently sound. Equally sound is his attack upon the hollow, demonstrativeness of the peace movement. Men and women chatter about the peace of the human fraternity but when it comes to the activist, the inherently revolutionary aspect of their professed faith they are either neutral or negative. They want to continue living in a world of



rivalry, of competition with every one except themselves. They want a bourgeois peace just as they demand that supreme paradox, a bourgeois Christianity. They are quick to condemn racialism in Germany and in Italy but they condone it in their own Georgia, Mississippi, California, Oklahoma.

The St. Francis of our play makes this observation: "Perhaps we should meditate more deeply upon the nature of peace as it is, and as it might be. Perhaps the peace that statesmen talk so much about is not really the right kind of peace at all." Elsewhere the Saint tells us that peace will come "when the *clever* stop talking and the *wise* begin to *act*." Here, again is the note of optimism, the belief that man's struggle for a better world is not necessarily hopeless. The Christian Saint stands for the first thing that is needed: the self-renouncing, exemplifying activism of spiritual leadership. Only such leadership can point the way to the essentially religious meditation upon the subject of peace. Toller's dictators made falsehood the officially stamped truth; they replaced love by hatred and human brotherhood by the myth of racial superiority. Toller reaffirms the old spiritual values. Charles Darwin is also on Toller's Olympus. In a radio talk he renounces those errors in his teachings which gave aid and comfort to scientific materialism. And the Saint who has read "Das Kapital," does not believe that Karl Marx is "quite the man" for him. It's the Saint's way of saying that Karl Marx was never quite the man for Ernst Toller.

We return to *Masse-Mensch* (Man and the Masses.) The non-acceptance of doctrinaire communism is the subject of the world-famous drama. The title has the antithetical meaning of the play itself. It means nothing other than the indoctrinated masses versus the human being of here and now, a topic that is as timely as it was 25 years ago, when Toller wrote the play in the Niederschönenfeld prison. Slavery, death, the uprooting and the ruthless sacrifice of millions — these things are still the price which an intolerant ideology exacts for the crime of political heresy. Toller denounced not only the violent enforcement but also the unthinking acceptance of Marxist dogma. In the writing of propaganda pieces he was sometimes the uncritical defender of socialism but never in his plays.

In *Masse-Mensch* the nameless protagonist of violent social revolution sacrifices his aroused, indoctrinated mob because his dogma demands it. Opposed to him is the nameless woman who represents the ethical, spiritual claims of the human personality, and the sacredness of human life. The mob is destroyed in a hopeless struggle but the Nameless One believes that this sacrifice will be justified by the ultimate triumph, not of a given Fatherland, but of a worldwide social-revolutionary cause. The woman also perishes but not without voicing the eternal values of pure humanity as contrasted with the ephemeral nature of revolutionary violence.

Critics have emphasized Toller's pessimism. He was in fact an in-

curable optimist. While giving creative expression to the attack of the temporary upon the eternal, of the masses upon man, of both bourgeois and proletarian tyranny upon the integrity of the human soul, he always gives the final word to the protagonists of values which he considers everlasting. His drama might well be interpreted in terms of the ideological conflict between Georges Bidault and Joseph Stalin. Bidault, like Toller's nameless woman, might have to face the firing squad but nothing could deprive him of long-term spiritual victory. The avowed Socialist author transcended Marxism and championed the ethical principles of Christianity. In outburst of bitter humor he portrays dances of death by the leaders of capitalist and Communist greed but from the standpoint of Toller's faith this greed is really playing its own dance of death.

Communism demands the complete submission of the whole man and the ruthless conquest of the entire world. Ideological intolerance is an expression of this greed. If you do not support the current Marxist dogma, the party line, you are a Fascist. In Toller's play all opposition to this dogma is punishable with death. The dogma wants to dominate and it passes out of the picture when domination becomes impossible. In the Bavarian revolutionary turmoil the author had had plenty of experience with Communists who refused to participate in the formation of governments which they could not control. He believed in an alliance of leftist-liberal parties but this was utter nonsense to the totalitarian Marxists.

The author's mouthpiece makes a clear distinction between Masse and Volk, (masses and people). Masse is understood as meaning an indoctrinated group to be sacrificed in destroying the existing society. To their leader, who takes advantage of economic chaos, the masses are sacred because they constitute the instrument of achieving humanity. According to him there are as yet no human beings. Those will come into existence in the classless society of a distant tomorrow. The masses must be indoctrinated with the revolutionary technique of hatred and vengeance, they must realize the necessity of slaughter and destruction.

The woman, however, insists that the masses are not sacred. They are the product of violence.

Masse ist nicht heilig,  
Gewalt schuf Masse,  
Masse is Trieb aus Not,  
Ist gläubige Demut . . .  
Is blinder Sklave . . .  
Ist frommer Wille . . .  
Masse is zerstampfter Acker,  
Masse ist verschüttet Volk.

The individual in the masses, she maintains, must be liberated and there must be a restoration of "das Volk", of the group as a spiritual entity which will recognize the primacy of the human person here and now.

To Toller and his heroine all violence was reactionary. When they call the Nameless champion of revolutionary violence "the bastard son of war" they have in mind the chaos and destruction by means of which Communism still hopes to conquer. The Nameless Marxist utters lofty phrases but he is told that his social dogma leads "into a strangely new land, the land of ancient human slavery", which is regarded as an earmark of both capitalist and communist exploitation. Both are Molochs in that they demand human sacrifice.

In Toller's second prison drama, the *Machine-Wreckers*, we have for the third time an idealist who attempts to restrain the workers from violence. The livelihood of the weavers has been taken away from them by the machine and they set out to destroy it, under the leadership of a demagogue. The young idealist, who desires to make the machine the instrument of a nobler life, appeals successfully to the latent humanity of the workers, but the demagogue wins them back through treachery. This play contrasts the shortcomings of the workers with their human potentialities. The hero acts on the principle that workers are capable of responding to spiritual values, that they have the power to transform the social order without violence, and that the economy is not to be blamed for all degeneracy. Again the primary necessity is a revolution in the hearts of men. It may be charged that this is not "realistic thinking", that Toller's weavers find themselves in the dilemma of hopeless submission and hopeless revolt. The Marxist would choose hopeless revolt but Toller's hero believes that the peaceful struggle for economic and political power, long and difficult though it may be, will eventually bring liberation. He has the policy of modern trade unionism on his side.

Hinkemann, also a creation of Toller's prison years, is the next of his heroes to take issue with the doctrines of violent revolutionary socialism. This hero castigates the moral limitations of the would-be founders of the new society and realizes that the problem of making every one happy in the Socialist state will not be as simple as they imagine. He calls attention to spiritual problems before which a materialistic dogma is powerless to act. Like his creator, Hinkemann is a socialist who cannot affirm the Utopian claims of party orators. Emasculated by a bullet of the first world war, he is a symbol of those tragedies with which only a religiously oriented society can deal adequately. Toller gave passing expression to the religious view of the problem by relating Hinkemann's moral suffering to the Passion of the Savior but this does not mean that the author fully accepted the religious solution. Indeed he hardly penetrated beyond the outer confines of religion.

In 1927, three years after his release from prison, Toller published his last proletarian play, *Hoppla, wir leben!*, translated under the title *Hoppla! Such is Life*. Creatively, it marks a decline in Toller's art but it is impregnated with a high degree of contemporaneous realism. It represents the degenerated world in which the author suddenly found himself after five years of imprisonment. Many of the long scenes are authentic documents of the nineteen-twenties: the drivel, the jazz, the illuminated noisiness and the moral disintegration of those years; social democracy collaborating with the forces of reaction, industry, and high finance; the election of a reactionary as president of the Republic; the

inability of the Leftists to get together on a working policy of reform; the conflict between an isolated champion of immediate violent revolution and those who believe in *patiently* preparing the way for a better future. With understanding and discernment Toller portrays Karl Thomas, the conscientious, uncompromising Communist. But he always gives the last word to Albert Kroll, a brave and stable leader whose constant fight for justice and whose policy of watchful waiting are dictated by human principles rather than by hatred and violence. The indoctrinated Marxist sees only the madness of the non-Communist world while the protagonist of Toller's ideas sees also the redeeming virtues of that world. Our author, moreover, was ready to defend the better things of bourgeois culture and German civilization and he denounced those revolutionary extremists who forgot the human being in their preoccupation with theses and slogans. To quote him: "Die Revolutionäre, die über Thesen und Parolen den Willen des Menschen und seine Entscheidung vergaßen."

Toller always opposed the dogmatism and the opportunism of the Marxist leaders but he also recognized their courage. He paid his greatest tribute, however, to the fortitude of a Christian leader. In his last drama *Pastor Hall*, the hero's Marxists companions in a German concentration camp see their own limitations in the presence of exemplifying courage and conduct inspired by Christianity. This drama was Toller's tribute to the fact that the only open opposition to the Nazi ideology in the Third Reich came from Christian priests and pastors. Like Pastor Hall, many of them died for the faith that was in them.

Ernst Toller was also an ardent contemporary in the vital struggle for civil liberty. In 1927 he published a book on this subject under the title "Justice". The volume is a miscellany of no literary value but it presents a strong case against judges, and other officials whose actions against defendants are prompted by political animosities. The author saw very clearly that free institutions were a mockery so long as civil rights remained at the mercy of biased tribunals.

Realizing deeply the implications of miscarried justice and the agony of unjust punishment Toller risked his reputation by devoting two unsuccessful plays to this subject: *Draw the Fires*, (1931) and *The Blind Goddess*, (1932). *Draw the Fires* is an exposé of the methods used by Pan-German militarists to secure the conviction of their political prisoners. Refinements of these methods are still used by totalitarian regimes. The whole procedure involves the use of the spy and the agent provocateur; of attorneys anxious to please the regime by securing unjust convictions; of confessions obtained through intimidation and torment; of obvious perjury as legitimate evidence; of political bias and opportunism to influence the decisions of the court. Sentences to long imprisonment and death are meted out on the basis of political expediency. *Draw the Fires* is a very episodic play. It lacks concentration and dramatic unity but it tells a barbarous true story which the author supports by 61 pages of documentation.

In *The Blind Goddess* Toller presents the hazards of justice in the



environment of democratic institutions under the Weimar Republic. A rural physician and his nurse are convicted of murder on the basis of circumstantial evidence reenforced by appeals to prejudice, by the testimony of questionable witnesses, by ill-will, blindness, malice and the distortion of truth. The Physician is not a likeable character but Toller's message is that such a character needs a sound judicial system more than all others. He was deeply aware that an unsound judiciary would be a menace to the civil rights of any country and that these rights need to be under the constant, alert observation of all citizens.

The *Blind Goddess* is a rather drab, uninspiring play. It piles up unusual things and shows a lack of theatrical workmanship. But the subject-matter seemed so important to the author that he secured the collaboration of Denis Johnson and published a revision of the play entitled *Blind Man's Buff* — a considerable improvement in which the crudeness of the earlier version gives way to better theatre. Legal practice is shown on the more elevated level of its possibilities. The lawyers, for instance, are told that they should give all the aid they can to the weak and the helpless instead of concentrating their efforts on the strong and the rich.

Through his political experience Toller lost his glowing, ecstatic faith in human transformation. He came to realize that the way to reform lay along the road of plodding, vigilant effort. He needed to believe and therefore he held tenaciously to his faith in a better future. It is significant that he has this faith affirmed by a Catholic Saint and a Protestant divine in his last two plays.

The spirit of his work as a whole is prompted by Christian principles. It is an exhortation to love one's fellow-man, to share and alleviate his misfortunes, to look upon human labor as a spiritual rather than a one-sided economic activity.

The National Socialists called their system German democracy and the Soviets also profess to be democratic. To Toller democracy meant what we want it to mean today: the instrument of freedom and social justice; dedication to high endeavor on the part of free, alert, responsible citizens. Not the class struggle but the deep awareness of human brotherhood would achieve a better world. Inspired leadership would have to satisfy the hunger of young people for a meaningful world in which they could believe. That was the lesson learned from the Ersatz-religion of National Socialism.

The life of Ernst Toller was marked by noble efforts to awaken the slumbering conscience of his contemporaries..



## A COMPARISON OF THE PHILOSOPHIES OF SCHILLER AND KELLER

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When Hans Dünnebier<sup>1</sup> and Emil Ermatinger<sup>2</sup> discussed Keller's *Prolog zur Schillerfeier in Bern*, they were content to state summarily that the ideas expressed were "echt feuerbachisch" and to let the matter rest there. The inference was plain that not only was Keller completely indebted to Feuerbach, but that Schiller and Keller were too divergent in their ideas to warrant correlated analysis. In the years that followed, the trend was to attribute to Keller ever greater profundity,<sup>3</sup> but his relation to Schiller received no further treatment. Now, however, that it has been shown that Keller was deeply interested in Schiller and may even have derived his concept of freedom from the German poet,<sup>4</sup> it is appropriate that the tabled questions be brought to light once again: What is the relationship of Keller's philosophy to that of Schiller? Why was Keller interested in Schiller? Did Keller understand Schiller's idealism? This study, the third in a series on Keller's conception of freedom, has as its purpose the investigation and comparison of the philosophical tenets of the two men with a view to answering these questions.

Schiller in his philosophical works was admittedly a Kantian<sup>5</sup> and to understand Schiller's views it is necessary to understand Kant's transcendental idealism.<sup>6</sup> The basic assumption of this philosophy was that space and time were not objective realities but mere conditions of human sensibility by means of which the reason was able to interpret and understand the impressions it received. Matter or physical substance was mere illusory appearance of an unknowable reality, which Kant termed the

<sup>1</sup> Hans Dünnebier: *Gottfried Keller und Ludwig Feuerbach*, p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> Emil Ermatinger: *Gottfried Kellers Leben, Briefe und Tagebücher*, I, 386.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Gottfried Keller's Conception of Freedom*, Monatshefte, Feb. 1946, p. 66. Cf. also *Frankfurter Zeitung Literaturblatt*, Sonntag, 19. Juni 1938, "Gottfried Keller". Here Walter Schmiele spoke disparagingly of the "heute freilich bei den Einsichtigen schon preisgegebene Meinung, das Demokratisch-Bürgerliche weise auf die Ursprünge seines Wesens hin." Ermatinger had, for example, maintained that Feuerbach prevented Keller from developing more than a "bürgerlich" outlook, and thus caused a "vorzeitigen Abbruch seines geistigen Wachstums." (Erm. *Krisen und Probleme*, p. 266.)

<sup>4</sup> Cf. *Schiller's influence on Gottfried Keller's Conception of Freedom*, Monatshefte, February, 1946.

<sup>5</sup> Schiller: *Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung der Menschheit*, first letter. "Zwar will ich Ihnen nicht verbergen, daß es größenteils Kantische Grundsätze sind, auf denen die nachfolgenden Behauptungen ruhen werden." Cf. also Vogtmann: Kant, Goethe, und Schiller.

<sup>6</sup> The following summary of Kant's first two Critiques is to serve primarily as a reminder of general Kantian principles as agreed upon by eminent scholars such as N. K. Smith, H. S. Paton, and A. C. Ewing, and so documentation was felt to be superfluous in most instances. The ideas stated, however, are based on a reading of the Critiques in the original.

moral world and which in its teleological structure resembled the material world. Now man as a physical being and as a rational spirit was a member of both the material and the moral, the apparent and the real, the phenomenal and the noumenal worlds. As a physical being he was subject to the laws of nature, i. e. to the laws of cause and effect, and as a rational person he was subject to the moral law. No real division of loyalty was involved, however, since the rational self had, in a sense, created the physical self and the physical world with its laws and so was beyond the pale of natural law.

The nature of man's freedom in the moral sphere lay beyond the human understanding<sup>7</sup> and was known to man only through his ethical sense; he knew that Providence would not have imbued him with a conscience were he not free to obey its dictates. However, free-will meant more than negative freedom as the moral law was not imposed on the rational self, but was the principle of its being: moral action-conduct guided by universal principles<sup>8</sup> — was by definition rational action. Thus, a purely rational being could act only morally. Kant explained the positive aspect of man's free-will in still another manner. Since the awareness of what *should* occur could in no way derive from any reality other than man's rational self, it must have created the moral awareness and so have been free in its moral willing.<sup>9</sup>

Moral free-will was the goal of mankind. Despite his subjective interpretation of time, Kant adhered to Leibniz's doctrine of evolution toward perfection and felt that man was approaching the time when he would become aware of his moral freedom.<sup>10</sup>

Schiller accepted these views wholeheartedly<sup>11</sup> and ventured to differ with Kant in only one respect; he felt that human nature was essentially good and that the ultimate supremacy of the reason and moral sense did not necessarily entail the ruthless subordination of the feeling and inclination to the sense of duty, but rather that in the presence of ideal beauty, reason and inclination could be brought into a perfect harmony in which the passions would be stilled long enough to allow reason to gain the upper hand.<sup>12</sup> Even this conviction, that beauty was the proper stepping-stone to Utopia, yielded at times to the Kantian faith in enlightenment as is seen in Schiller's essay *Über Naive und Senti-*

<sup>7</sup> Cf. 1st Critique Canon of Pure Reason, "Of the Ideal of the Summum Bonum," and all of the Critique of Practical Reason.

<sup>8</sup> W. T. Jones in *Freedom and Morality in Kant* showed that universal principles are not fool-proof criteria of moral action. However, since Kant often expressed the belief that action according to a principle which could be willed to be universal was moral, the notion is applicable here.

<sup>9</sup> This idea is found in the Canon of Pure Reason of the 1st Critique, and throughout the 2nd Critique.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Kant's discussion of the teleological proof of God.

<sup>11</sup> v. fn. 5.

<sup>12</sup> Schiller sent his "aesthetic letters" to Kant for reading. While the latter honored the young writer with a courteous reply, he was unwilling to compromise on the fundamental importance of a sense of duty.

*mentale Dichtung* in which "intelligence" is given as the "destiny" of man and "reason and culture" as the means of approaching the goal.<sup>13</sup>

The most explicit statement of Gottfried Keller's philosophy is to be found in his autobiographical novel, *Der Grüne Heinrich*. Here the hero, speaking for Keller, likened nature to a riding academy in which the human organism was the horse, the human will the rider, and the moral law the riding master. Although the riding master was supreme, each was an entity unto itself. Without the academy there could be no horse, without the horse no rider, without the rider, no riding master. In other words, without a material reality there could be no human organism, no human will, no moral law. The idea was supreme but could not exist without physical substance. The material world was no illusion or appearance but the tangible medium in which the organic essence manifested itself. The supreme reality of the living essence in nature was compatible with the reality of her form.<sup>14</sup>

The moral law was introduced into the unbroken chain of cause and effect by means of the concept of the organism. Organized matter was more than the sum of its parts, containing the idea of the structure as well. Living organisms possessed a dynamic essence which impelled them toward their ultimate goal. The dynamic force in man was the moral law itself, which spurred man on to intellectual clarity and free-will. The moral kernel in man was destined to grow into the great tree of free-will, whose branches, however, continued at all times to reach over and touch the ground from whence it sprang, there to take root and sprout anew, — the free-will which was to attain was never to break away from the physical reality of its origin.<sup>15</sup>

As Nature was good and purposeful,<sup>16</sup> man's goal of enlightenment and moral free-will would one day be reached. Then would be a time of universal happiness, as man was fundamentally good, and all evil on earth was due to ignorance and misdirected action. Enlightenment would enable men to heed their moral impulse correctly and to fit themselves into their proper niche in the great preestablished harmony of nature.<sup>17</sup>

Thus, reducing Keller's views to a mere skeleton, it may be said that they were a reaffirmation of the 18th century optimistic belief in man's evolution to enlightenment and moral freedom based on a conception of the world as monistic, dynamic, and purposeful.

Since it would be pointless to make a comparison between Schiller and Keller if these views were not original with Keller, it is necessary to consider for a moment the assertion of Hans Dünnebier<sup>18</sup> and other

<sup>13</sup> Schiller: *Über Naive und Sentimentale Dichtung*, page 2.

<sup>14</sup> XIX, 51. (Fränkel's edition of Keller will be referred to throughout this paper.)

<sup>15</sup> XIX, 55.

<sup>16</sup> Scholars agree as to Keller's mature conception of nature, as good and purposeful. Abundant evidence that the same conception formed a part of his youthful outlook may be found in H. Reichert: *Studies in the Weltanschauung of G. K.*, Illinois Diss. 1942, pp. 43-71.

<sup>17</sup> XIX, 66 Cf. also fn. 3.

<sup>18</sup> V. fn. 1 (this is also the thesis of Dünnebier's entire study).



scholars after him that Keller acquired his mature philosophical ideas from the philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach.

It is quite true that Keller's views just stated resemble closely the philosophy of Feuerbach as expressed in his Heidelberg lectures of 1849 which Keller heard and admired. It is also likely that Keller borrowed concepts such as "organism" from Feuerbach,<sup>19</sup> since they were not present in his writings prior to 1849. However, much evidence can be brought forth to sustain the conviction, to which Keller scholars seem to be turning, that Keller was already set in his main ideas before going to Heidelberg and that his admiration for Feuerbach was in part due to the very human reason that the philosopher's expertly phrased views agreed with his own. Jonas Fränkel, for example, the editor of the most recent edition of Keller, is of that opinion.<sup>20</sup> An earlier paper of this series showed that Keller's early conception of freedom was far more than merely political and contained all the elements of his mature concept of moral freedom based on enlightenment.<sup>21</sup> And as regards Keller's supposed early romanticism, Käthe Heesch, author of a more recent Keller study (1940) noticed, for the first time, that Green Henry — the youthful Keller — possessed few truly romantic ideas.<sup>22</sup> The fact is, the traditional view that Keller's youthful philosophy was romantic is primarily the result of an unfortunate literary tradition started by Otto Ludwig and to some extent by Keller himself.<sup>23</sup> If one reads Keller's early nature poems which venerate the great harmony in nature and praise her thousand and one beauties, his philosophic letter to Müller of 1837<sup>24</sup> which discusses the means to find one's place in the great "harmonischer Wechselbewegung" of nature, or his essay of 1838, *Eine Nacht auf dem Uto*,<sup>25</sup> which expresses admiration for the countless objects of the universe and the system of laws which binds them together, one has the definite impression that Keller in his youth both revered the order in nature and believed that order to exist in a world of material substance.

Had Keller's philosophy been romantic, he would have been more amenable to the suggestions of his romanticist associates of the years 1846 to 1848, especially to those of his editor August Follen. It would have benefited him greatly to be able to see eye to eye with his benefactors. Instead, however, he contested their views and was deeply hurt by the changes which Follen wrought in the spirit of many of his poems, changing humble acceptance of nature to spirited defiance.<sup>27</sup> True, the ability

<sup>19</sup> Feuerbach: *Nachgelassene Aphorismen* (quoted by Dünnebieber on page 176).

<sup>20</sup> Jonas Fränkel: *G. K. Sämtliche Werke*, I, xx.

<sup>21</sup> v. fn. 3.

<sup>22</sup> Käthe Heesch: *Der Grüne Heinrich als Bildungsroman des deutschen Realismus*, Diss. Hamburg p. 37.

<sup>23</sup> v. fn. 16, pp. 6-8.

<sup>24</sup> v. fn. 16.

<sup>25</sup> *Ermatinger* II, 6.

<sup>26</sup> *Gottfried Kellers Leben, seine Briefe und Tagebücher*, edited by Jakob Baechthold, I, 424-425.

<sup>27</sup> I, 68. XIV. 57. XIV, 322. Cf. Fränkel's discussion XIV, xv-xxxii, especially xxiv. Cf. Diss. (fn. 16) pp. 58-60.

of the group to out-argue him occasionally surprised and disturbed him, but it never converted him.<sup>28</sup> When Feuerbach finally supplied him with the logic to support his own convictions, Keller was very bitter against those who had sought to destroy his confidence in himself and had thus delayed his intellectual growth.<sup>29</sup>

The only changes which Feuerbach occasioned in the pantheistic outlook of Keller's youth were to deprive it of a personal God and human immortality.<sup>30</sup> Keller had already prior to this time demoted the God of his self-running natural order to the rank of "first consul" and so accepted the former change readily.<sup>31</sup> As for immortality, it had been questioned by him before 1849, and the poem *Wetternacht* (1844) strongly indicates that he early concluded that death meant rest in nature.<sup>32</sup> It is said rightly that Feuerbach was of crucial importance to Keller's development, not however because he gave Keller his ideas, but because he confirmed them.

A consideration of the outstanding German idealists of Schiller's time reveals that Keller stood closest in his *Weltanschauung* to Herder. One can take Herder's *Ideen* and find there point for point a close-fitting parallel to Keller's views. To be sure, Herder was a theologian, and Keller's universe after 1849 was without a ruler, but Keller's religious veneration for the goodness and purposefulness of nature remained identical with the respect shown a deity. Certainly Herder's deity was not of an orthodox nature and resembled Keller's impersonal reason far more than the Christian God. Both their philosophies may justly be termed pantheistic. Both esteemed above all the dynamic and benignly purposeful essence in nature. Both believed in the tangible world of substance which, as Herder put it, was "der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid." Both felt that an inner force was impelling man with inevitable certainty to struggle toward the goal of universal enlightenment and moral freedom. Both were deeply convinced that it was folly to doubt the ultimate realization of the goal.<sup>33</sup>

If the close ideological fraternity of Herder and Keller be granted, it will be seen that a critical point in our study has now been reached, as it is common knowledge that Herder and Schiller were at odds with one another because of what they felt was their extreme difference of opinion. If Herder's ideas were related to Keller's and were opposed to those of Schiller, how can there be a similarity of outlook between Keller and Schiller? How can Keller's continued interest in Schiller's philosophy

<sup>28</sup> Ermatinger II, 182: "Wenn es nicht töricht wäre seinen geistigen Entwicklungsgang bereuen und nicht begreifen zu wollen, so würde ich tief beklagen, daß ich nicht schon vor Jahren auf ein geregelteres Denken und größere geistige Tätigkeit geführt und so vor vielem gedankenlosem Geschwätz bewahrt worden bin."

<sup>29</sup> Cf. fn. 16. pp. 87-90.

<sup>31</sup> Ermatinger II, 184.

<sup>32</sup> Original version of Poem is found in SW XIV. Cf. fn. 16, Diss. pp. 69-71.

<sup>33</sup> XVI, 66. Herder *Ausgewählte Werke*, ed. by Adolf Stern, Leipzig, Bd. III,

be explained in terms other than lack of understanding? Let us answer these questions in turn.

If one is an absolutist, there is to be sure no way to bridge the gap between Keller and Schiller. Ultimate reality for the latter was the transcendental reality of the noumenal world which preceded understanding and the knowledge of the physical world, whereas for the former it was the impersonal purposefulness that dwelt within and guided the material world. For Schiller the physical world was mere appearance, for Keller it was the form without which the spirit could not exist.

However, if one is willing to adopt a more pragmatic viewpoint, it can be shown that their views are not so far apart as one might at first be led to suspect. First it should be understood that Herder and Schiller, despite their own feeling to the contrary, had nevertheless a great deal philosophically in common. They were both followers of Leibniz and representatives of 18th Century idealism. Both felt that in its realm natural law was absolute. Both were convinced that man was essentially good and that full understanding of the true nature of things would eliminate all evil. Both believed that man, impelled by a divine inner force, was progressing towards enlightenment and moral freedom. Since these are all presuppositions, any one of which an intelligent person of another century might be disinclined to accept, the historian of philosophy is forced to conclude that the two men are in many ways similarly indebted to a similar heritage and environment, and therefore that Keller with his Herderian outlook also held views in common with Schiller.

To be sure, Keller differed with Schiller in a further respect beyond their difference in cosmology, namely, as to the means with which to achieve the moral end; Keller lacked Schiller's faith in the moral power of beauty except when beauty could be considered beauty of the mind or intellectual clarity.<sup>34</sup> But if Keller's Nineteenth Century environment caused him to turn away from the aesthetic medium of the Eighteenth Century idealist, the very fact that Keller lived in the Nineteenth Century also tends to show, by contrast with the prevailing views of his time, how closely he really stood to Schiller. In an age which began to scoff at nature idealism, Keller still held to a belief in the inviolability and dynamic purposefulness of natural law. In an age which favored the brooding pessimism of a Schopenhauer, he maintained his optimism as to the future. In an age in which behavioristic psychology was already coloring men's ethical thinking, he retained his faith in the moral law and the dignity of man. Beset by the growing influence of Nineteenth Century naturalism and positivism, Keller refused to surrender his belief in a rational and dynamic universe.

The similarity of outlook between Keller and Schiller consisted not only in the like nature of a number of their views, but also in the like emphasis placed on those views. The integral link which united the two

<sup>34</sup> Prolog zur Schillerfeier. Cf. fn. 16, diss. pp. 118-121.

men so firmly and which made Keller all through his life revere Schiller more than Herder or Goethe was their mutual interest in moral freedom. This elusive and paradoxical concept was not quite the same for each, but possessed a sufficient similarity of meaning to warrant a justified community of interest. Without a doubt this freedom to heed the dictates of conscience, this freedom from the general law to heed the specific law, this freedom entailing duty and obedience, this freedom stemming from an omniscient and predetermining Providence was for both men the focal point of human existence. The fact cannot be overstressed that Keller, like Schiller, devoted his life to the unceasing validation of human faith in moral discernment. The realization of human dignity and moral responsibility through moral free-will is the basic theme which underlies practically all of his works, early as well as late, receiving its most beautiful expression in *Das Simgedicht* in which free-will was shown to be compatible with natural law.

Thus, pragmatically considered, it will be seen that despite the fact that Keller lived in a cultural era unsympathetic to Classical Idealism, he shared many of Schiller's presuppositions and in addition, the latter's intense and undying interest in moral freedom.

The question now is, in the light of these facts, whether Keller understood Schiller or whether the very number of similarities of outlook led him to the erroneous conclusion that their philosophies were absolutely identical as suggested by his identification in the *Prolog zur Schillerfeier in Bern* of Schiller's beauty with his own concept of intellectual clarity.

If one recalls the details of Keller's early life, it becomes clear that the latter assumption is warranted only for the period of his adolescence. Keller's early interest in Schiller was based on his reading of Schiller's complete works at the age of thirteen at which time he "mastered them as best he could" but lacked the philosophic equipment with which to understand the inherent transcendental idealism. However, Keller's associations during the years 1846-1848 with men who were eager advocates of Kantian and Fichtian Idealism could not have left him without some understanding of the tenets of Kant's philosophy. It will be recalled that it took the strong logical arguments of Feuerbach to quell the doubts which the German idealists had awakened in Keller's breast.

There is definite evidence to support the belief that Keller pushed aside the differences of opinion which separated him from Schiller not because he failed to see them, but because he could view them in the light of historical perspective. In a letter of 1851<sup>35</sup> Keller expressed the belief that the great classical writers, Goethe and Schiller, though they remained unequalled, could nevertheless never serve as a literary pattern for contemporary writers since they belonged to a past era.<sup>36</sup> Though this state-

<sup>35</sup> Letter to Hettner, *Erm.* II, 269.

<sup>36</sup> Cf. Keller's essay "Die Romantik und die Gegenwart" (1849). Here Keller made the point that the "reinliche Romantik" had been the best expression for its



ment was made primarily with reference to stylistic features, it entails a viewpoint applicable to matters of outlook as well, especially if one recalls the opening words of the letter, "despite all inner truth." The essential truths, Keller felt, were known to the great Classical Idealists and could be respected even if all their presuppositions could no longer be accepted. Thus, Keller could still enthusiastically admire Schiller's freedom and his defense of that freedom even though he, Keller, was aware that Schiller rooted his freedom in a different cosmogeny.

In conclusion then, to answer the questions originally postulated, it may be said that scholars are correct in their belief that Keller and Schiller did have different conceptions of the universe, though the difference was not Nineteenth Century realism versus Eighteenth Century idealism, but Herderian Pantheism versus Kantian Idealism. Excluding this cosmological difference, however, the two men held many views in common and were most closely linked in their mutual love and incessant struggle for moral freedom. Keller's interest in Schiller did not necessarily entail an attitude of superficiality or misunderstanding, as he showed himself to possess a historical appreciation of classical idealism and a conviction that with respect to the all important human goals Schiller stood for and was fighting for the same values as he.

time, but was now a thing of the past. "Gegenwärtig ringt alle Welt nach einem neuen Sein und nach einem neuen Gewande." (Nachgelassene Schriften und Dichtungen ed. by Baechthold, p. 463.) Clearly this shows a sense of historical perspective on Keller's part.



## CREATIVE TENSIONS

### A Tentative Typology of the Creative Mind

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In a time of violent action, when words like 'struggle' and 'heroic' are monopolized by destructive material wars, we may not seem well-adjusted with our hero-worship of the creative tensions in the artist's mind. However, we shall never enjoy creative peace, unless we learn the sublimation of the instincts of war.<sup>1</sup> For this purpose I attempt to emphasize the concept of *tensions* as a principle of literary science.

This kind of literary science seeks in the case of each creative mind to penetrate to the mainspring of his creation, to the central problem from which he suffers, that is, to search out the *creative tension* out of which flows the work of the creative artist.

From such basic tensions we seek to derive the style of an author, in the broadest sense; that is to explain the reason for his choosing just such objects, figures, actions; to find what thoughts, emotions, forms are accessible to his peculiar type of character.

In order to illustrate this general principle, let us choose first the tension between systole and diastole (expansion and contraction). According to Einstein this is the breathing movement of our self-centered universe. And it is the basic gesture of those minds which are, so to speak, a universe in themselves, which do not strive outward towards an object unless it be to inhale this object as nourishment and to exhale it again as a creative work.

To meister Eckhart God is a universe moving in this way. Creation is such an exhalation of God leading to individualization. And the dissolution of the individual means its return to the union with God. When the saint rises to become God's image, he becomes a part of this cosmic movement and is absorbed by God into the quiet center of His being. Into him, who has destroyed his *individuat*io, who has completely emptied himself of his Ego, the plenitude of God can enter. He has become a part of the Universal, which again radiates outward into its single components, until he once more is precipitated as an individual. The emptiness of the vacuum and the fulness of the All; concentration upon his spiritual center and loving outpouring into the world — thus passed Eckhart's life in such pure harmony, that its basic course was not greatly crossed by any tension between pride and humility.

For Goethe too, a world-embracing personality is the goal of life. He too does not seek for a final goal outside himself. In his works also we sense that infinite, that cosmic isolation that seeks no objective outside itself. But since the manysided nature of the creative artist cannot be

<sup>1</sup> Cf. my article *A Peace Philosophy*, *The Personalist* XXVIII, USC 1947, p. 21.

content with the basic movement in mystic purity, there is substituted the diastole-systole movement, that is, that outpouring into the world and the reabsorption into the center of his being. We are confronted with the problem of *action*.

Let us compare the following verses in which a sort of release or redemption is attained — but in a fashion so mutually opposed, so mutually exclusive, that the axis of his entire personality can extend between these two extreme poles of Goethe's tension.

Füllest wieder Busch und Tal  
still mit Nebelglanz,  
lösest endlich auch einmal  
meine Seele ganz.

Here the seeking soul is released in mystic diastole in the tender light of the moon.

Feiger Gedanken / bängliches Schwanken,  
weibisches Zagen / . . . macht dich nicht frei.

Allen Gewalten / zum Trutz sich erhalten;  
nimmer sich beugen, / kräftig sich zeigen . . .

Here, in contrast to the release by the mild power of the moon, we find the demand to work out our own salvation by a manly deed. In the former case a dissolving of the individual in the arms of omnipotence, and here the call to preserve itself defiantly against all forces: formerly the mystic, now the man of action.

Mystic and man of action — the poet stands between the two. Goethe's life is passed between this dreaming outgoing diastole and the energetic stern concentration in the systole of his devotion to duty. "Vom Vater . . . des Lebens ernstes Führen. Vom Mütterchen . . . die Lust zu fabulieren." By means of this little poem we can transfer the tension to the plane of sex and profession: Goethe the masculine, the man of duty, the official — and Goethe the poet. Thomas Mann, in his discussion of this contrast, has found the term, "the elfish Goethe." The elfish quality would correspond to one part of our diastole.

Thus in Goethe systole and diastole stand opposed as the moral and the demonic forces, which in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* are called "Zettel und Einschlag", warp and woof, of the cosmic system. During the workingday the moral element operates forcefully, together with the power of reason which strives for finite truth. But the incomprehensible takes over during the night — "wenn niemand wirken kann."

A similar division into systole and diastole can be more easily demonstrated in the case of lesser poets. We may choose the contrast Eichendorff and Busch.

In Eichendorff's romantic poetry the tensions are expressed by movements almost within the realms of the spatially real. His systole often consists simply of a voluntary confinement to the comfortable home, to security from the storm ("post fornacem"). But it gives way to a step-

ping to the window to watch the stars and listen to the distant sound of the postillion's horn. This is the lure of the diastole to roam, to wander. But this diastole is emotionally evaluated as dangerous, inimical, something to which man is exposed. For the spirit of this lesser poet is never sufficiently daring to unite himself to the Infinite. This is the barrier which separates Eichendorff from genius. He neither becomes a self-surrendering mystic, nor a hero challenging dangers.

The caricature of this contrast is found in Busch. The bourgeois becomes the philistine, and the demonically dissolute becomes the vagabond.<sup>2</sup> Only that Busch extends the warmth of his sympathy by no means only to the comfortable security of the former, but in equal measure to the latter during his nightly pranks. Thus we see that the courage of genius, to go to the extremes of either pole, had been granted to Busch, but that he was first compelled to diminish by means of caricature the axis between them. (The demonic finds its unique expression when taking the form of an animal, as in the case of Fipps, the monkey, because in that case it appears almost 'beyond good and evil.'

## 2.

The creative minds mentioned thus far had their center within themselves. When externalized, they always flowed back automatically into their own center of being. We shall now turn to those creative minds for whom the problem arises from their conscious orientation towards the object. From our point of view, these latter differ fundamentally from those discussed above. Thus, for example, Jakob Boehme is a mystic as well as Meister Eckhart. But the antitheses between which his spirit is stretched in a torturing struggle, do not exist for Eckhart, the pure master of mysticism.

We select here only four (of all possible) attitudes towards the world: to *know* the world, to *act* upon the world, to *reform* the world, to *love* the world as it is. *Knowing* the world is the problem of Boehme and Hamann. To *act* upon the world is Grabbe's problem. To *better* or *ennoble* the world is the object of Schiller's striving. To *love* the world indiscriminately without tensions may be said to be the center of Whitman's poetry. But just because he is devoid of that creative tension, we do not count him among the creative geniuses. Instead we pay our respects to "gentle Shakespeare", for whom love of the world was problematic.

For Boehme, knowledge of the world implies the gesture of spatial-dynamic intrusion. Hamann, on the other hand, being statically shut off from the object of cognition, approaches Kant in seeing the real mystery

<sup>2</sup> The systole-diastole contrast between philistinism and romanticism may be the basic tension of the German people as such. What a contrast between the German bourgeois (even though in his youth he has been forced into severe military discipline) and the free and idealistic German thinker and poet! Perhaps National Socialism might be considered a caricature of the old German all-including absolute idealism, travestied by the German philistine and degraded into militaristic brutality.



behind the recognized phenomena. In Boehme's case the gesture of cognitive intrusion is split (problematically) into 'active and passive', on the plane of a pride-humility tension. Active penetration by means of *imaginatio* into the *Centrum Naturae* is the Devil's sin, and in the human being is closely associated with the "bestial" procreative urge. But to submit passively to being gathered up into the bosom of the Godhead is the grace of sanctification to *Sophia*, union with the spirit, humble intuition.

The center of Hamann's being is mystery, which as an encompassing curtain separates subject and object. When the thinker stands before this curtain and proclaims his reverence of the unknown God behind, he remains in the attitude of pious humility. But if his own personality steps behind the curtain and humanity is permitted to listen to its own revelations, then his attitude assumes the style of "pride." Important always is Mystery as a partition wall between exterior meaning and the significance that lies behind it, between the sensuous and the metaphysical. For Hamann as for Boehme the problem lies in the tension of sensuousness vs. spirituality. And like Boehme he sees the mysterious bond which can draw the spirit through sensuousness, and can act upon the sensuous world through the spirit, in that symbol of symbols, the magic of the creative word: "Sprache ist die Deipara der Vernunft."

These two mystics, for whom Mystery stood at the very center of being, found in the magic of language their power and potency. Hence this power of language upon the world was not their problem, but the union with the real by cognition. To Grabbe, on the contrary, action upon the world, yes even contact with the world, was in itself problematic. He fails to find in language the emotional bond between himself and his environment. Since he is lacking in empathy into the delicacies of the individual soul, he seeks to break through the fellow-man's partition wall by means of violence, that is by depicting individual horror, or the great events of history. Thus he seeks to obtain a message from that alien world of the soul. And again he seeks by means of rationalistically exaggerated clarity (hence the explanatory relative clauses), that is, by means of a strangely overdemonstrative style to produce an effect upon this alien world. This desire to project himself outwardly may be considered as a convulsive diastole, and the disappointed withdrawal within himself as a systole.

The two great creative geniuses whom I shall discuss in the following paragraphs, I shall treat merely in order to show that love of this manifold world and the ennobling of the world may become the center of a work of art.

To Schiller with his irresistible eloquence, the effect of his art upon the world was not the problem. The artist should not only make some impression upon the world, but he should seek to educate the world to the height of his own ideals. Schiller's problem is the conflict between the Ideal and the Real, between the spiritual and the material. He sees

this conflict in the light of freedom. The Ideal was to be the realm of freedom, and the Material was to be disciplined by the force of form. The concepts of law and virtue unite in Freedom and Discipline.

Schiller surrounds the ideal of the Good with all possible beauty and grace. In most cases, however, the more love Schiller bestows upon his 'good' characters, the more he withdraws from them earthly success. This, for instance, the action in *Maria Stuart* is carried by two vectors, one of which withdraws from Maria all prospects of obtaining power (to the point of actual annihilation), but raises pity and love for her (up to the ultimate acme of sympathy). The other vector raises Elizabeth's power in equal measure to absolute security, where with the harshness of the idealist he dismisses her, utterly bereft of love. (Power and Love are co-ordinates for Elizabeth and Maria.) Out of this reciprocal duality of the Real and the Ideal, there arises the concept of sacrifice; which means that Schiller in his dramas approaches more nearly to the Christian ethos than the other poets that have been discussed. Whosoever surrenders all that is earthly, his idea will live in Eternity.

While Schiller divides the world into an ideal half, to which he gives his entire love, and a common ("gemein") one, which he attacks with the fanaticism of his conviction, in Shakespeare's case the line of demarcation between love and contempt does not run through the world but through his own attitude towards it. Schiller loves one part of the world and despises the other with his entire being. Shakespeare, on the other hand, loves the entire world with one part of his being, and with the other he despises it or shrinks back from it. The kindly, "gentle" Shakespeare forgives and understands. He realizes that the same vice which destroys some criminal is after all concealed within us 'virtuous' ones also. Thus lovingly he raises the "bad" up towards the level of the "good" and reduces the "good" towards the level of the "bad". For their doings also might be despised. Are not these virtuous ones also self-seeking, arrogant, inconsiderate, offensive, ungrateful, dishonorable, and despicable? And the poet in disgust withdraws into himself. Hence Shakespeare's inconsolable melancholy.

Shakespeare's gentle pessimism is inconsolable because, in contrast to Schiller, he accepts no ultimate consolation, no definite redemption, no point of orientation outside the relativity of worldly ways. For those antique flights into a Golden Age of shepherds and love he attempts only in the dreams of his comedies. Otherwise he is as completely enclosed in the tragedy of the world as is Goethe in the tragedy of his personality — without any exterior Absolute.

Shakespeare and religion, Shakespeare and Christianity — is not his all-forgiving nature Christian? His love of his enemies, which honors the conquered foe, is not this Christian chivalry? This is not true. Shakespeare does not love his enemy because he forgives him in the Christian spirit, but because even in the wicked man he loves the vitality of the life-force and stands in awe of it. Life is a struggle between Being and

Non-being. Shakespeare's theodicy might be defined as follows: God is a poet whose mission is the creation not of a good, but of a rich and powerful life. "Life is a marvellous drama — aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur!": this would then be the polarity which is Shakespeare's problem.

That such problematic tensions form the real source of creativeness becomes apparent when we observe that to spirits of a lesser caliber the problems which disturb the great ones are no problems at all — but are resolved without conflict. In Whitman's case, love of life, love of the world (which was Shakespeare's main problem) is actually realized. It is an undifferentiated, erotically expansive, self-satisfied love. His indiscriminately loving soul passes from one life to the other without fear or awe, passes from the beautiful to the ugly, from good to evil — "All these I feel or am." And just as one soul suffices for all these bodies (Whitman's metempsychosis), so one thought, one predicate suffices for all these various subjects. There exist no differentiations, no contrasts, no tension, no structure, no form. Hence we cannot regard Whitman's work as artistic creation.

But for creation — whether God or man be the creator — a disciple of Meister Eckhart has given the formula:

COINCIDENTIA OPPOSITORUM.



## HOFMANNSTHALS AUFFASSUNG VON SEINER SENDUNG ALS DICHTER

WALTER NAUMANN  
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Das dichterische Werk Hofmannsthals besteht zum größeren Teil aus Schöpfungen in dramatischer Form. Aber es sind nicht Dramen wie die von Shakespeare, Racine oder Schiller, wo der Dichter unkenntlich ist unter den eigenlebigen Personen und ihren Problemen. Hofmannsthals Spiele gleichen eher denjenigen Goethes, in denen sich der Dichter selbst in einer ihn bedrängenden Frage zur Gestalt wird. Aber zwischen der Selbstdarstellung Goethes und derjenigen Hofmannsthals ist ein Unterschied, den die vorliegenden Seiten herausbringen möchten.

Wo Goethe sich mit seinen Gestalten identifiziert, sie aus seinem eigenen Bild schafft, sieht er sich als Mensch in seinen allgemein menschlichen Beziehungen. Hofmannsthal stellt sich selbst dar vornehmlich als Dichter. Dichter zu sein, war ein Kernerlebnis für ihn. Als Dichter sieht er sich im Mittelpunkt der Welt, herrschend über ein Reich das nur mit ihm zugleich besteht, wie es in einem frühen Entwurf eines Alexander-Dramas heißt.<sup>1</sup> Ein König ist die mittlere Figur seiner Dramen, ein König in der Herrlichkeit oder in der Anfechtung in den frühen lyrischen Dramen, in den griechischen Stücken und auch im Märchen, ein König in der Verkenntung im späten *Turm*. Der Grund, warum eine Königs-gestalt die Handlung trägt, ist nicht der gleiche wie z. B. für das klassische französische Theater. Dort sind die handelnden Figuren über den Lebensdurchschnitt erhoben, damit sie beispielhaft und rein das königliche Leid, die königliche Entsagung des Menschen verkörpern. Bei Hofmannsthal sind sie dagegen ihren menschlichen Leidenschaften und Schmerzen entzogen durch ihr Königtum, „ihnen ist auferlegt so königlich zu sein, daß sie darüber vergessen könnten all ihr eignes Leid“.<sup>2</sup> Denn nicht nur ist der Dichter-König Herrscher in seinem Reich, er ist auch verantwortlich dafür. Er trägt das Ganze. Auf ihm liegt das Weltgebäude. Er muß sich alles versagen in seiner Aufgabe. Er kann nicht menschlich sein in seinem eigenen Recht, da er zu menschlich sein muß, da er die Nöte der ganzen Menschheit auf sich nehmen, in sich austragen muß. In diesem Sinne, des stellvertretenden Erlebens für die Allgemeinheit, sind die griechischen Dramen Hofmannsthals und der *Turm* gedichtet. Es ist verständlich, daß auf der anderen Seite der Dichter diesem Druck seiner Aufgabe zu entfliehen wünscht, daß er das Ur-Erlebnis seines Dichtertums, den begnadeten Augenblick, in dem er sich einer höheren Welt zugehörig fühlt, in den Mittelpunkt stellt. Der Widerstreit zwischen diesen beiden Aspekten des Dichtertums, der Ver-

<sup>1</sup> *Dramatische Entwürfe aus dem Nachlaß* (Wien: Johannes-Presse), 1936.

<sup>2</sup> *Gesammelte Werke*, (Berlin: S. Fischer, 1934), Band II, Teil 2, 252 (Admet in *Alkestis*).



antwortung und der Entrückung, bestimmt einige von den frühen Dramen, z. B. *Der Kaiser und die Hexe*, das *Bergwerk von Falun*, *Tor und Tod*. Aber auch als Hofmannsthal später im Gang der Handlungen seiner Stücke ein Leben der Verantwortung vorzieht, bleibt ihm als entscheidendes Mittel seiner Kunst das rein dichterische Erlebnis, das mystische Erlebnis des überwältigenden Augenblicks: in der Berührung mit dem Tode, in der Begegnung mit einem starken fremden Schicksal erfahren seine Gestalten eine Erhebung, eine Erkenntnis über ihren Bereich hinaus, erleben sie ihre Wandlung.

Diese Betrachtung der Welt und Selbsteinschätzung vom Gesichtspunkt des Dichters, nicht des Menschen aus trennt Hofmannsthal von Goethe und dem ihm folgenden 19. Jahrhundert, aber sie ist ihm gemeinsam mit seiner Generation, der Generation von etwa 1870. Ich erinnere an Rilke, der seine persönliche Lösung des Lebensrätsels, seine Lösung als Dichter, zur ausschließlichen Botschaft seines Werkes machte. Auch George verlangte von seinen Anhängern eine dichterische Fähigkeit als Bestätigung ihrer menschlichen Auserwählung. Geradezu ein religiöser Wert, ein Wert der Selbst-Erlösung, wurde der künstlerischen Erregung zugemessen von Charles Morgan, in *Sparkenbroke* z. B., und von einigen modernen Franzosen, deren Einstellung der französische Kritiker André Rousseaux bekämpft.<sup>3</sup>

Von diesen Zeitgenossen trennt sich Hofmannsthal. Er sieht sich zwar in seiner wesentlichen Eigenschaft als Dichter. Aber die Botschaft, die er zu bringen hat, ist nicht eine für den Dichter individuell geltende. Diese Mystik des Dichtertums erschien ihm als eine Religion ohne einen wahrhaft religiösen Inhalt.<sup>4</sup> Und hier kommen wir zum zweiten Punkt, der ihn von Goethe unterscheidet. Wenn Goethe sich selbst darstellt, sieht er sich als eine empirisch-ideale Person. Ein *Erlebnis* steht im Mittelpunkt, wenn es auch im Kunstwerk einen überpersönlichen Bezug erhält. Für Hofmannsthal ist das persönliche Erlebnis in diesem Sinne nicht wichtig. Etwas viel Allgemeineres macht die Botschaft seiner Dichtung aus, ein philosophisches Erlebnis eher, das Erlebnis einer Lebensform. Er stellt nicht dar, was ihn im Augenblick persönlich bedrängt, von dem er sich befreien und weitergehen möchte; seine Dichtung spiegelt eine bleibende Gestalt, die unveränderte Erlebnisform seines Wesens. Seine Botschaft ist betonte *Forderung*. Die Forderung, etwas zu tun, etwas zu sein. Er stellt dar, was er von seiner Zeit verlangt. In diesem Sinne trennt er seine Auffassung des Dichters von der Auffassung der Romantik: den Romantikern sei es darum zu tun gewesen, zu genießen und Genuß zu bereiten. Was heute der Dichter zu bringen hätte, das sei Hilfe dazu, daß wir „mehr werden“.

Diese Einsicht beeinflußt Hofmannsthals Selbsterkenntnis und Selbstdarstellung in seinen Werken. Er fühlt sich in seiner Wesenheit als Dich-

<sup>3</sup> Vgl. besonders *Littérature du Vingtième Siècle* (Paris: Albin Michel, 1938).

<sup>4</sup> „Die Situation des Mystikers ohne Mystik,“ *Ad me ipsum*, in *Jahrbuch des freien deutschen Hochstifts* (Frankfurt, 1930), 325.

ter. Aber die Botschaft, die er zu bringen hat, betrifft nicht sein Eigenstes, das dichterische Leben, die Erkenntnis, wie es ihm als Dichter zu leben möglich war. Sie betrifft das allgemeine menschliche Leben. Daher wird er sich selbst, sozusagen, historisch. Er erkennt seinen beschränkten Platz. Er sieht, daß die Welt, daß er selbst auf andere Kräfte angewiesen ist als die seines Dichtertums. Der Kaiser, in der Erzählung *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, ist zwar, wie immer, der Märchenherrscher, er vermag die herrlichste Schau, die Wunder der inneren Welt zu genießen; aber er ist ohnmächtig, verflucht, ohne die dienende Tat seiner Frau. Prinz Sigismund, im Trauerspiel *Der Turm*, ist nur der Herrscher eines Zwischenreichs, der vielleicht etwas Neues begründet. Wie der Arzt, im *Turm*, es sagt: nur die Kräfte freizumachen, sei die Aufgabe.<sup>5</sup>

Wenn ein Dichter es als seine Aufgabe erkennt, die Forderung eines Tuns als seine Botschaft zu bringen, wendet er sich damit an eine Gruppe, die sich zu etwas gestalten, die etwas werden soll. Und hier sind wir bei dem dritten Punkt, der die dichterische Sendung Hofmannsthals von der Goethes unterscheidet. Goethes Lehre war allgemein menschlich, er wandte sich mit seinen Werken an alle Menschen seines idealen Humanismus. Zu Hofmannsthals Zeit hatte sich der Raum des Dichters verengt. Der Dichter wirkt in seiner Nation, nur dort ist ein Bedürfnis und ein wahres Verständnis für das, was er zu bringen hat. Gerade den größten zeitgenössischen Dichtern fremder Nationen stehen heute die meisten Völker verständnislos gegenüber, sie bedeuten ihnen nichts. Aber auch vom Dichter aus gesehen hat sich der Raum verändert. Der Dichter gibt einem Drang nach, seinen Erlebnissen über ihre persönliche, und damit rein menschliche, Sphäre hinaus Bedeutung zu verleihen. George verlangt von seinen Anhängern, daß sein Erlebnis mit Maximen als maßgebend, ja epochemachend, anerkannt wird. Und ähnlich nimmt Hofmannsthal an, daß sein Sehnen nach Erlösung, besonders nach Erlösung von politischem Elend, wie er es im *Turm* dargestellt hat, von seinen Lesern geteilt wird. Beide Dichter beziehen sich auf diese Weise mit ihrer dichterischen Botschaft auf eine Gemeinschaft. Eine solche Einstellung war Goethe fremd, für den Gretchen die ganz persönliche, und damit allgemein menschliche, Erlösung von Schuld brachte. Hofmannsthal, und ebenso George, setzt sich als Dichter keine Menschheitsaufgabe, sondern eine nationale Aufgabe. Im Verfolgen dieser Aufgabe geht er soweit, sich seines Dichtertums zu entäußern, ich meine Hofmannsthal, George tat das nie. Er dient der Nation als Schriftsteller mit seinen zahlreichen Aufsätzen. Er scheint sich damit weit zu entfernen von dem priesterlichen König, der die Verantwortung für das Ganze zu tragen hatte. Die Gemeinschaft der Nation ist der einzige Ort, an dem der Dichter einen Teil der ungeheuren Verantwortung abgeben kann, denn die Nation nimmt ihn auf wie eine Kirche und gewährt ihm „den Frieden dessen der eine Funktion ist“.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Werke, III, 1, 125.

Corona IV, 107, und Corona VIII, 43.

Es kann noch hinzugefügt werden, daß mit dieser Auffassung seiner nationalen Aufgabe Hofmannsthal dem Bilde eines Dichters folgt, der für Deutschlands Geistesgeschichte von keiner besonderen Bedeutung war, während er für die anderen europäischen Kulturen *das* Bild des Dichters darstellte. Ich meine Vergil, den nationalen Dichter schlechthin. Es ist bedeutsam, wie in der letzten Generation Vergil den deutschen Geist stärker als je vorher beschäftigt hat: neben zahlreichen kritischen Arbeiten erinnere ich nur an die Übersetzungen Schroeders und das kürzlich vollendete Werk von Broch. Wenn Hofmannsthal auf diese Weise dazu beiträgt, in Deutschland die Erscheinung des Dichters auf ein gemein-abendländisches Muster hin, nämlich das Bild das die Gestalt Vergils geprägt hat, zu entwickeln, so steht er damit in einer Bewegung, die er selbst als „konservative Revolution“ bezeichnet hat. Es handelt sich um eine Rückentwicklung im deutschen Geist, die, gegen Reformation und Humanismus, nach der Rückgewinnung einer gemein-abendländischen Tradition für den deutschen Geist strebt.

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### Manche freilich . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Manche freilich müssen drunten sterben,  
wo die schweren Ruder der Schiffe streifen,  
andre wohnen bei dem Steuer droben,  
kennen Vogelflug und die Länder der Sterne.

Manche liegen immer mit schweren Gliedern  
bei den Wurzeln des verworrenen Lebens,  
andern sind die Stühle gerichtet  
bei den Sibyllen, den Königinnen,  
und da sitzen sie wie zu Hause,  
leichten Hauptes und leichter Hände.

Doch ein Schatten fällt von jenen Leben  
in die anderen Leben hinüber,  
und die leichten sind an die schweren  
wie an Luft und Erde gebunden:

Ganz vergessener Völker Müdigkeiten  
kann ich nicht abtun von meinen Lidern,  
noch weghalten von der erschrockenen Seele  
stummes Niederfallen ferner Sterne.

Viele Geschicke weben neben dem meinen,  
durcheinander spielt sie alle das Dasein,  
und mein Teil ist mehr als dieses Lebens  
schlanke Flamme oder schmale Leier.

## A REDISCOVERED GOETHE LETTER

HEINRICH MEYER  
*Emmaus, Pennsylvania*

Among the Goethe items in my possession one letter might be of some philological interest, through the association value of Goethe's own signature and flourish is its major significance. The letter to Börner, printed in the Weimar edition IV, 45 p. 91, dated December 23, 1928, first appeared in print in the *Greizer Zeitung*, November 6, 1873. The editor of the Weimar edition did not have the original and therefore relied on this print and the preserved draft written by John. I cannot with my present facilities determine whether the original is in John's hand, but by comparing the original with the Weimar edition and the notes I find that the editor guessed wrong a few times. The correct text follows:

Ew: Wohlgeb.

früher angekündigte Sendung ist mir erst gestern geworden, sie findet mich in einer Lage wo ich sie nur flüchtig durchsehen konnte. Gerade diese Zeichnungen sind von der Art, daß man sich schwerer entschließt etwas davon auszuwählen, es its nichts Vorzügliches und auch wohl nichts ganz Geringes darunter. Ich thue daher folgenden Vorschlag. Der dafür angesetzte Betrag ist 45 rh. 19 gr. mit welcher Summe würden Sie sich begnügen wenn man das Portefeuille wie es liegt behielte und das Geld sogleich übersendete? Ich würde es bis zu gelegenerer Zeit liegen lassen und mich, alsdann wie es sich finden wollte, mit Freund darin zu theilen. Melden Sie mir deshalb Ihre Entschliebung.

Das Kupferstich Verzeichniß werd ich näher durchsehen, vorerst legen Sie mir No: 1676, Andreas Mantegna, wenn das Blatt gut erhalten ist, bey Seite; wie ich mich denn Herrn Weigels zu empfehlen bitte.

*ergebenst*

*J. W. v. Goethe*

Weimar den 23. Decbr. 1828

In Goethe's own hand are only the words printed in italics and a large flourish. But every time I have had the good fortune of acquiring a Goethe autograph — this one came from a United Nations diplomat whose father was a collector before him — I have learned something about Goethe; not much perhaps, but something that I should not have noticed in the Weimar edition. The same is true of first editions. A volume of the *Horen* is an entity quite different from scattered articles in the various collected works.

When reading through a collection of letters, uniformly printed and



edited with modern punctuation, one overlooks quite easily that every letter is a unique communication. This one, for example, is the only letter entered for the day before Christmas Eve 1828, and the draft is part of the diary. We know of Goethe's collector propensities and the business sense otherwise, but this letter makes the seventy-nine year old art lover more personal. It is always good when reading Goethe letters to look also into the diaries. Here, then, we find under date of December 22: "Ich betrachtete die angekommenen Zeichnungen etwas näher. Durchlas die mitgekommenen Kataloge." We see the letter is absolutely correct. At one time I had a seminar study the records of Christmas and New Year in Goethe's life. That was suggested to me originally while seeking out entries in Hebbel's diaries. I thought of it again when this letter came to me; perhaps the sender thought of Christmas as a good opportunity for sale. Somehow, such thoughts come to us only when we take time and loving care, which the written word inspires more than the edited text.

The printed text contained, besides minor differences, the following more or less characteristic ones: Goethe wrote "daß man sich schwerer entschließt," while the edition says *schwer*. As often, the comparative is more polite and less positive than the positive. The letter has "mit Freund", this may be a slip, but so it was sent and received. It also sounds very much like Goethe to say "Das Kupferstich Verzeichniß werd ich näher durchsehen", while the printed *werde ich* looks like misplaced editorial efficiency. The dative plural of the article in the last sentence is written "denn", which may well indicate the short Franconian pronunciation of the dictating Goethe, for to assume that it is the particle *denn* (dann) is altogether impossible. Such thoughts pass through our minds when we read originals. Thus a dead letter has come to life again.



## ERNST HARDT, 1876-1947

### Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Neuromantik

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Im Februar dieses Jahres starb Ernst Hardt im Alter von siebenundzwanzig Jahren in dem oberbayrischen Ort Inchenhofen. Da das soweit zugängliche Schrifttum über Hardt sich äußerst dürftig ausnimmt, ist es leider zur Zeit nicht möglich von hier aus weit mehr als einige Gedanken über das dichterische Werk zu bringen. Nur wenige Daten zu Leben und Werk sind auffindbar.

Hardt wurde am 9. Mai 1876 in Graudenz geboren. Er absolvierte die Kadettenschule zu Berlin-Lichterfelde. 1893-94 besuchte er Griechenland, 1896-97 Spanien und Portugal. 1898 wurde er Kritiker für die „Dresdener Zeitung“. Später lebte er als freier Schriftsteller in Berlin und Weimar, bis man ihn 1919 zum Generalintendanten des Nationaltheaters in Weimar machte. 1925 zog er nach Köln, um Intendant der Schauspielhäuser der Stadt Köln zu werden. In dieser Stellung aber verblieb er nur ein Jahr. 1926 wurde er der Leiter des Westdeutschen Rundfunks in Köln.

Das dichterische Werk ist nicht allzu umfangreich: 1898 erschien im S. Fischer Verlag das Drama *Tote Zeit*, dem das Schauspiel *Der Kampf* im Jahre 1903 im Insel-Verlag folgte. 1904 wurden die Gedichte *Aus den Tagen des Knaben* und die Novelle *An den Toren des Lebens* ebenfalls im Insel-Verlag zu Leipzig veröffentlicht. Derselbe Verlag brachte dann 1905 *Ninon von Lenclos*, ein Drama in einem Akt, — 1907 *Tantris der Narr*, Drama in fünf Akten, — 1909 die *Gesammelten Erzählungen*, 21 Erzählungen und Skizzen aus den Jahren 1894-1901, — 1910 *Joseph Kainz*, Verse zu seinem Gedächtnis, — 1915 *König Salomo*, ein Drama in fünf Akten, — 1921 *Gudrun*, ein Trauerspiel in fünf Akten, — und 1923 *Schirin und Gertraude*, ein Scherzspiel in fünf Akten.<sup>1</sup> Auch hat Hardt eine rege Übersetzertätigkeit geübt (Taine, Flaubert, Balzac, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, Rousseau).

Hardt begann als Lyriker. Sein erstes Werk *Aus den Tagen des Knaben* löst eine Stimmung aus, die auffallend an den Stefan George der *Fibel* erinnert. Es ist wenig Greifbares, Berichtendes aus der Pubertätszeit, von Schmerzempfindungen durchzittert, welche sich wie hilferufend auf die anmutige griechische Landschaft weiterzupflanzen scheinen. Die Sehnsucht schweift nach einer großen kühlen Ruhe im Schatten eines Baumes (George: *Sterben in Schönheit*). Bald aber werden Erkenntnisse gewonnen: Der Mensch muß sich in die Brutalität des Lebens schicken, denn es ist dem Leben ganz gleich, was wir fühlen und leiden. George

<sup>1</sup> Die hier gegebenen Daten beziehen sich natürlich auf das Jahr der Drucklegung jener Werke, sind aber durchaus nicht identisch mit deren Entstehungsjahren.

kommt am Ende der *Fibel* zu ähnlicher Erkenntnis, wenn er den herabstürzenden Ikarus nicht an die Wonnen des Absturzes denken sondern ihn sich fragen läßt, auf welche Weise er aus eigener Kraft sich aufs Feste werde retten können. Dieses auch für Hardt charakteristische Retten aus eigener Kraft wird bei demselben in sofern zum Problem, als Hardts Menschen keine Kraftmenschen sind. Es sind Träumer, weiche, dem Alltag mit seinen Sorgen aus dem Wege gehende Gestalten, die hier und da hinfliegen möchten, wie es ihnen gerade beliebt. Typisch dafür ist der Vergleich des Menschen mit einem Vogel (Traumfalke, Nachtvogel, Schwanenjungfrau, Sturmvogel, Nordvogel), und die Menschen selber schelten sich gern: schauerlicher Vogel, Nachtgespenst mit Krähenaugen, Dänenhahn u. a. In allen brennt eine Leidenschaft, die ihnen oft unklar und lange nicht bewußt wird.

Jene weichen, glühenden Menschen, die selber nicht wissen, warum sie so handeln wie sie eben handeln (man denke an Hofmannsthals Marschallin: „wie man nichts halten, — wie man nichts packen kann, — wie alles zerläuft zwischen den Fingern, — alles sich auflöst, wonach wir greifen, — alles zergeht, wie Dunst und Traum“), nehmen es nun mit dem Leben auf. Aber das Einzige das sie tun, ist nur das Aufnehmen, das eine-Haltung-Einnehmen. Sie raffen sich zusammen, stolzieren steif einher, sprechen harte Worte und vermeiden sinnlose Gesten und Gebärden, es seien denn solche, die Steifheit und Kühle unterstreichen helfen. Daher auch die vielen Vergleiche mit Felsen, Türmen, Eis, Lanzen, Erz, Stahl und Leuchtern, und in der Einleitung zum *Tantris* heißt es: „Tracht und Haltung der Gestalten entspricht der starken, keuschen und verhüllten Art der Fürstenstatuen im Chor des Naumburger Doms“. Ab und zu verraten sich jene beherrschten Leidenschaftsmenschen, kommen ganz nahe an einen Gefühlsausbruch, der dann plötzlich durch eine stolze Gebärde gebändigt wird. Daher das starre Anblicken der Hardtschen Gestalten, das lange Stehenbleiben, plötzliche Zucken und dann das geschlossene Auge. Dem Dichter war das wohl alles bewußt, und gern läßt er seine Menschen in dieser ihrer Anlage und Situation sich gegenseitig charakterisieren. Hartmuts Mutter z. B. ruft Gudrun zu: „Du Frau aus Eis, Du Frau aus Glut“, und über sich selber sagt Hardt: „O, du unser Blut, bist Glut an Eisesrand“.

Es wird Hardt wichtig, diese so bestatteten Menschen uns nun in seinem dramatischen Werk vorzuführen. Es ist von vornherein klar, daß das eine schwierige Aufgabe werden wird, denn das wahrhaft Dramatische ist der Kampf, das Eingehen in eine Situation, die Entwicklung. Die Hardtschen Menschen weisen kaum eine Entwicklung auf. Es wird nur gezeigt, wie sie diese ihre einmal eingenommene starre Haltung bewahren, wie sie sich die Treue zu sich selber halten.

Der Ertrag jenes Nachgehens der Treue zu sich selber ist äußerst gering. Günther Vollmar in der *Toten Zeit* verschleiert sich vor der Welt, lebt ein Inseldasein, und endet im Selbstmord. — Vult von Bergen nimmt einen „Kampf“ gegen seinen Vater auf, um sich ganz leben zu

können. Er endet, physisch und geistig gebrochen, in den Armen seines Gegners, den er um Verzeihung bittet. — Isolde im *Tantris* gerät seit der Nachricht von der Untreue des Tristan mit Isolde Weisshand in verkrampfte Starrheit, die sie um den Verlust ihrer Glückesmöglichkeiten bringt. Sie erkennt in ihrer Pose den zurückgekehrten Geliebten nicht mehr, um dann, als er sie stolz für immer verlassen hat, wie aus einem Traum zu erwachen: „Mein Freund! . . . mein Freund war hier . . .“. Hardt fügt bezeichnenderweise hinzu: „Sie richtet sich starr und groß auf“. Auch sie bricht nach dieser Erkenntnis „in Brangänes Armen zusammen“. — Salomo im gleichnamigen Drama verliert seine Geliebte Abisag an seinen königlichen Vater. Wie früher wird auch hier nicht das Ersehnte erkämpft, obwohl es durch den schnellen Tod Davids verhältnismäßig leicht gewesen wäre. Aber Hardt versperrt sofort diese Möglichkeiten, indem er David den Fluch über den aussprechen läßt, der Abisag nach ihm berühre. Salomo nimmt daraufhin die auf sich zurückgezogene königliche Haltung ein, und beginnt sein Leben der Ausschweifungen „wie das Vieh“. — Auch Gudrun im Drama gleichen Namens versucht sich selber die Treue zu wahren, denn sie kann als die von Hartmut Entführte denselben nicht lieben, obwohl ihr Herz in Bewunderung für ihn schlägt. Wie ein Fels im Meer gebärdet sie sich und weist jegliche Freundschaftsbezeugungen aus dem Hartmutkreis zurück. Als aber ihre Verkrampftheit zu Ende ist, dann nämlich, als Herwig sie zurückerkämpft, stirbt sie freudig durch Gerlindes Dolch, mit dem charakteristischen Wort „verglühe“ auf ihren dem Hartmut zugewendeten Lippen.

So verharren Hardts Gestalten in jener aufgesetzten Haltung, in der Treue zu sich selber, bis durch Tod oder durch das Aufgeben der Würde und Sittlichkeit (Ninon, Salomo) jener unnatürlichen Starre ein Ende bereitet wird. Daß dies keine Lösung war, ist Hardt nach dem Gudrun-drama deutlich geworden, das, wie sein Erstlingswerk, mit dem Tode der führenden Gestalt endet. Damit hatte sich ein Kreis des Suchens gerundet, und der Dichter sah wohl keine Aussicht auf eine andere Lösung mehr. Deshalb tat er das Charakteristische für jene seine Lage (und man denkt unwillkürlich an das von George gern beachtete Wort: Wenn Völker müde werden, fangen sie an zu tanzen), — er projiziert noch einmal seinen Stoff auf das Gebiet der Komödie und schreibt das Scherz- und Tanzspiel *Schirin und Gertraude*. Gertraude hatte, wie ihre Vorgängerinnen Isolde und Gudrun, ihrem Grafen zehn Jahre lang die eheliche Treue gehalten, um dann zu erleben, daß derselbe aus den Kriegen mit einer türkischen Frau zurückkehrt, wobei er durchaus keine Bedenken zu haben scheint. Nun sind wir hier in der Komödie, und so kann sich Gertraude leicht mit der türkischen Nebenfrau verbünden, nur um sich dem Grafen gegenüber zu behaupten und um damit in ihrer abwehrenden Haltung verbleiben zu können.

Hardt wird gern in den Literaturgeschichten als der Dichter der Treue und Untreue dargestellt, und er charakterisierte gelegentlich selber



sein Werk so. Diesem wird durchaus nicht widersprochen, nur hat man mit jener Charakterisierung noch nicht den Kern des Hardtschen Werkes getroffen. Seine Menschen sehen die Welt als etwas Fließendes, gegen sie Anstürmendes, an. Alles scheint von den Wogen fortgerissen zu werden. Da bauen sie in ihrer Angst auf ihre Liebe, die sich in unbedingter Treue äußert. Doch werden sie enttäuscht, und dann stehen sie ganz alleine da. Deshalb der gern gebrauchte Vergleich mit dem Felsen im Meer. So starr muß der Mensch werden, um der Lebensflut Widerstand zu leisten. Langsam, den Umstehenden kaum merklich, wird jener zähe Widerstand aber unterhöhlt, und ganz schnell und oft unerwartet stürzen jene stolzen Einsamen. Die Treue (oder Untreue) ist somit die Vorbedingung zu der endgültigen Haltung der Hardtgestalten, in welcher wir sie meistens gleich zu Beginn des Dramas sehen.

Nun gerät in der Tat der Dramatiker und Intendant in Schwierigkeiten, wenn er mit jenen schon bei der Einführung passiven Gestalten, die sich in ihrem Leiden und in ihrer Passivität während des Stückes kaum ändern, ein Publikum einen Abend lang in Spannung halten will. Es ist bekannt, daß dieses Hardt doch z. T. für einige Jahre gelang. Seine Dramen wurden oft aufgeführt, und dem *Tantris* fiel sogar im Jahre 1908 der halbe Staats- und der ganze Volksschillerpreis zu.

Wohl waren die Zuschauer durch die naturalistischen Stücke jener Jahre für leidende und geängstigte Menschen empfänglich geworden, so daß die Geduld des Publikums vielleicht damit zu erklären ist. Vor allem aber wurde das Fehlen des großen handelnden Menschen durch etwas ersetzt, wonach man sich heimlich nach all den Ibsen-, Strindberg- und Hauptmannaufführungen gesehnt hatte: durch den Prunk vergangener Jahrhunderte. Hardts Stücke bevorzugen die große Szene, Hof- und Gerichtssitzungen, Gelage, Schlachten und Volksaufuhr. Plötzlich wurde man aus der Enge der Elendsstube in altbekannte Burgen und Thronsäle mit vielen Bediensteten und Wächtern in zeitfernen Gewändern geführt, an entlegene Meeresgestade und in dunkle Haine. Durch dieses neue Interesse konnte die Aufmerksamkeit von dem passiven Helden, auf kurze Zeit wenigstens, abgelenkt werden.

Bei aller Sucht nach äußerer Wirkung verlor Hardt oft den Blick für sorgfältige Planung und Konstruktion. Seine Dramen kennen kaum eine vom Zuschauer erwünschte Ökonomie. Oft werden lange Szenen nötig, um die Exposition abzuwickeln, die dann doch noch nicht vollständig genug ist und in einem weiteren Akt ergänzt werden muß. Durch die langgezogene Exposition wird oft der eigentliche Held vergessen. Tristan erscheint z. B. erst im zweiten Akt. Da keine entwickelnde Handlung aufgerollt wird, kommt es manchmal zum Stocken und zu unerwarteten Szenen, die als Fremdkörper im Stück stehen, wie z. B. die lange Simrith- und Zibjaszene im dritten Akt des *Salomo*. Es wird ihm schwer, diese Einzelgebilde mit dem Ganzen zu verzahnen. Um nun von dieser Sprunghaftigkeit oder ganz unerwarteten Retardierung abulenken, greift Hardt gern zum Effekt, um mit aller Macht die Spannung

zu beleben. Aber daraus wird leicht Sensation. Man denke an die oft erwähnte Siechenszene im *Tantris*, wo Isolde „von ihrem blonden Haar umflossen nackt mit geschlossenen Augen regungslos“ vor den Siechen steht, denen sie „des Nachts ins Stroh“ gegeben werden soll. Auch wird aus diesem Wunsch nach Effekt die Szene gern ins Zwielflicht gebettet, in die Nacht mit einem durchscheinenden Gestirn oder in die ungewisse und kühle Morgendämmerung.

Aber diese Effekthascherei konnte nur für kurze Zeit über die offensibaren Schwächen der Hardtschen Dramen hinwegtäuschen. So kam es wohl, daß der Dichter nach *Schirin und Gertraude* im Schweigen verharrte, — jedenfalls ist zur Zeit von weiteren Dramen nichts bekannt, und Hardt soll in seinen letzten Jahren auf sein dramatisches Werk wehmütig wie auf etwas ihm völlig Entglittenes geschaut haben, so vielleicht wie sein Mitstreibenden Erich Eulenberg die Heldin zu Priamus sprechen läßt:

„Steig auf den Turm und sieh dein Reich dir an  
vom Schneegebirg des Ida bis zum Meer  
und trink dich trunken noch ein letztes Mal.  
Bald wird in grauen Staub dies alles sinken,  
verwehn wie Rauch und Heldenruhm.“

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## DIE NACHT

ERNST HARDT

Die Nacht spannt eine goldne Harfe  
Verschwiegen durch den Traum der Welt,  
All ihre zarten Saiten schwingen,  
Wenn eine Träne niederfällt.

Wer einsam geht und schon um vieles  
Erfahren hat, den sucht und wirbt  
Der Harfenklang, der Weihelosen  
Im Druck des Dunkels klanglos stirbt.

Es klagen erdenfremde Leiden  
Mit schweren Tropfen in der Nacht,  
Nachts weinen heimlich bleiche Männer,  
Da Stolz am Tag sie lächeln macht.

Es deckt die Nacht mit ihrem Fürstenmantel  
Die goldne Harfe morgens zu.

## Zu VEIT VALENTINS TOD

KURT PINTHUS

Um Mitternacht vom 11. zum 12. Januar d. Js. starb im Georgetown Hospital in Washington D. C. Veit Valentin, einer der wenigen international bekannten deutschen Historiker der letzten Generation. Aber Valentin war mehr als ein Historiker oder Gelehrter, er war zeitlebens ein Kämpfer für die Demokratie, und er starb als ein Märtyrer für die Demokratie.

Valentin wurde 1885 in Frankfurt geboren, der Stadt, in deren Paulskirche 1848 die deutsche Nationalversammlung mit den besten Köpfen jener Zeit um eine demokratische Regierungsform sich bemühte. Der deutschen Revolution 1848 widmete Valentin den größten und ihm liebsten Teil seiner Lebensarbeit. Sein erstes Buch 1908 hieß „Frankfurt am Main und die Revolution 1848/49“; es folgten „Die erste deutsche Nationalversammlung, eine geschichtliche Studie über die Frankfurter Paulskirche“, 1919, und, nach mancherlei anderen Studien, die „Geschichte der deutschen Revolution 1848/49“ in zwei starken Bänden, das Standard-Werk für alle Zeiten über den einzigen Volksaufstand der deutschen Geschichte zwischen der Bauernrevolution 1524/25 und der Revolution von 1918.

Valentin hatte in Heidelberg, München und Berlin studiert, wurde in Freiburg i. B. 1910 Privatdozent, 1916 Professor, und kam als Reichsarchivrat 1920 an das Reichsarchiv in Potsdam. Aus dieser archivalischen Tätigkeit ging neben vielen anderen Schriften hervor „Deutschlands Außenpolitik von Bismarcks Abgang bis zum Ende des Weltkriegs“.

Veit Valentin war der Sohn des Frankfurter Gymnasialprofessors Veit Valentin, der seltsam schwärmerische Bücher über antike Poesie und Kunst geschrieben hat. Kein Wunder, daß dem jüngeren Veit Valentin, der in der Atmosphäre und Tradition des Humanismus und der Demokratie aufwuchs und weiterlebte, seine kämpferische Arbeit für die demokratische Idee, seine Lehrtätigkeit und seine Bücher mehr Herzenssache waren als die Forschungsarbeit in den Akten des Reichsarchivs. Deshalb lehrte er zugleich auch Geschichte an der Handelshochschule in Charlottenburg, war Mitglied der deutschen Friedensgesellschaft und Mitherausgeber der „Friedensgesellschaft“ und Mitherausgeber der „Friedenswarte“, Mitglied der Liga für Menschenrechte, Vorstandsmitglied des Reichsbanners und einer der führenden Männer der demokratischen Partei. Als begeisterter Pazifist arbeitete er für die Völkerbundidee und veröffentlichte, bevor Deutschland zum Völkerbund zugelassen war, eine „Geschichte des Völkerbundgedankens in Deutschland, ein geisteswissenschaftlicher Versuch“, 1920. Während des ersten Weltkriegs war er Mitarbeiter im Auswärtigen Amt und hatte den Mut, die Politik des Großadmirals Tirpitz anzugreifen.

Ein Mann mit diesem Rekord mußte natürlich als Todfeind des Hit-

lerismus angesehen werden. Deshalb verließ er 1933 als einer der ersten Gelehrten und als fast der einzige „arische“ Historiker Deutschland und dozierte an der Universität London bis 1939. Dann kam er nach New York, lehrte in Cambridge und Philadelphia, und arbeitete schließlich in der Library of Congress in Washington. Hier schloß er ein Buch über die deutsche Geschichte vom Heiligen Römischen Reich bis zum Dritten Reich ab, das vor einigen Monaten unter dem Titel „The German People“ erschien und vielfältigen Widerhall in pro und contra zur Folge hatte. Dies Buch war für amerikanische und englische Leser bestimmt, wird aber jetzt in zehntausenden von Exemplaren in deutscher Fassung in Deutschland verbreitet. Zuletzt arbeitete er, unterstützt von einem Rockefeller Stipendium, mit dem umfangreichen Mikrofilm-Material, das die Rockefeller Foundation in den Archiven Deutschlands aufgenommen hat, und das tausende von Dokumenten über Leute aller Volksschichten enthält, die als Folge der deutschen Revolution 1848 nach Amerika auswanderten. Diese Studie sollte eine Art Ergänzungsband zu seiner Geschichte der Revolution von 1848 werden. Im Exil veröffentlichte er ebenfalls in zwei dicken Bänden eine „Weltgeschichte“, 1939, die wirklich eine Weltgeschichte, eine Geschichte der Menschheit genannt werden kann. Es ist eine Geschichte, wie Valentin selber im Untertitel ankündigt, „der Völker, Männer, Ideen“. In der Einleitung gibt er dem Begriff Weltgeschichte diese Deutung: „Die Weltgeschichte ist der Kampf um die vier großen Lebensgüter: Religion, Kunst, Wissenschaft und Staatsform. Ziel und Sinn der Weltgeschichte ist, einem möglichst großen und immer größer werdenden Teil der Menschheit, unter tragbaren, sittlichen und wirtschaftlichen Bedingungen, selbständigen Anteil an den vier großen Lebensgütern zu gewähren.“

Aber der Weltbürger Valentin glaubte unerschütterlich an ein demokratisches, humanistisches Deutschland, über das er, und für das er zeitlebens gearbeitet hatte. Schon kränkelnd nahm er die Aufforderung der amerikanischen Regierung an, als politischer Berater des Nürnberger Kriegsverbrecher-Prozesses nach Deutschland zu gehen. Er sah London und Paris wieder, er sah viel von Deutschland – und kehrte als gebrochener Mann zurück. Wie er nie über die Bitternis des Exils geklagt hatte, so klagte er jetzt in den Monaten langsamen Sterbens auch nie über die bitteren Leiden, die seine Krankheit mit sich brachte. Bis ihn das Bewußtsein verließ, war er überzeugt und voller Hoffnung in einigen Tagen wieder aufstehen, weiterarbeiten und sich des Lebens wieder freuen zu können, und noch in seinen letzten Sätzen, die er an uns, seine Freunde, richtete, sich als der erweisend, der er stets gewesen war: ein Humanist, ein Demokrat, ein Weltbürger.



## NEWS and NOTES

### "TRIVIUM" — A NEW SWISS PERIODICAL

#### The study of literature as "Stilkritik"

The Second World War did much to enhance the already important position of Switzerland as a center of European culture. The Swiss are good business-men as well as sturdy democrats and idealists; and they realized both their responsibilities and their opportunities. The Swiss Book Exhibition, held in London, England, under the auspices of the British Council from April 26 to May 25 last year, was a joy to behold; and the well-produced catalogues and announcements of numerous Swiss publishing houses are now eagerly awaited by men of learning and international good-will in many parts of the globe. Particularly for "Germanisten", Switzerland has become as never before a treasure-house and a last hope. After twelve years of Nazi suppression and defilement, and six years of annihilating "total" war, cultural life in Germany is only slowly beginning to revive; and if only because of the division into zones the entire future is problematical. In the field of publishing and in research, it is no exaggeration to say that Switzerland is at present more important for "Germanistik" than Germany itself; and it may well remain so for several years to come.

One thing "Germanisten" abroad miss very much is the long-standing flow of valuable periodicals from Germany. "Euphorion", "Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte", "Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift", and so forth; when will they appear again (in their pre-Nazi form), or what worthy substitutes will be forthcoming? In his need, the "Germanist" can find some consolation and help in the periodical "Trivium — Schweizerische Vierteljahresschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Stilkritik"; published by the Atlantis Verlag, Zürich; yearly subscription 10 Swiss francs, or 3 francs a number. "Trivium" first appeared in October, 1942. The moving spirits are obviously Theophil Spoerri and Emil Staiger, Professors of French and German respectively at the University of Zürich. They are named as the "Herausgeber", and have remained the most frequent contributors. Professor Spoerri expressed the program of the new venture in a brief opening article ("Über Literaturwissenschaft und Stilkritik"):

... Das aber ist klar: Literaturwissenschaft ist Philologie und nicht Geschichte; sie hat sich mit dem Wort zu befassen, und alles was sie sonst treiben mag, nur um des Wortes willen zu leisten. Das persönlich gestaltete Wort ist der Gegenstand des Stilkritikers, wie das kollektiv verfestigte Wort der Gegenstand des Philologen im engeren Sinn ist ....

Literaturwissenschaft kommt ganz zu sich selbst in der Stilkritik, ist Philologie, "Liebe zum Wort" in höchsten Sinn, und alle Historie, Philosophie und Psychologie dürfen für ihr Bemühen nur Hilfswissenschaften sein. Das Ziel und Ende aller

philologischen Bemühung ist der Text, und alles was vom gestalteten Wort wegführt und nicht zum Ziele hat, die dichterische Form strukturell aufzuhellen, ist Sünde wider den schöpferischen Geist der Sprache.

So einfach und zwingend diese Axiome in der theoretischen Feststellung sind, so schwierig ist ihre praktische Anwendung. Die Literaturwissenschaft als Stilkritik steht noch in ihren Anfängen, sie hat noch ihre Kinderkrankheiten zu überwinden. In diesen Blättern soll sie besondere Pflege und einen eigenen Entfaltungsraum finden.

There, Professor Spoerri also explained that the name "Trivium" was intended to call to mind the threefold way of knowledge in the Middle Ages, i. e., grammar, rhetoric, and logic, which together with the "Quadrivium" of arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy formed the seven "liberal arts". Secondly, the name professed allegiance to the three great cultural forces in Switzerland and Europe. The periodical prints articles in all three languages (German, French, and Italian) and on all three literatures. German, however, predominates. The first number contained (in addition to the introductory manifesto) an interpretation of Goethe's "Novelle" by Emil Staiger, an essay (in German) on LaFontaine's fables by Theophil Spoerri, and a commentary (in French) on "Deux poemes de Verlaine". Each number contains a few highly selective book reviews under the rubric "Chronik"; but more important are the so-called "Glossen" (in the first four numbers they were called simply "Miszellen"). A few lines from a German Baroque poem, a passage from Stifter's "Brigitta", some verses by Bert Brecht, extracts from Voltaire, Racine, or Paul Valery, with an occasional piece of Italian (a madrigal by Michelangelo or a sonnet by Torquato Tasso): each is placed thoroughly but rapidly and elegantly under the philological and stylistic microscope, and the result is often revealing and even exciting. It is impossible here even to mention the many valuable articles which successive numbers have contained; suffice it to say that the general standard has been kept very high, and that the turgid, all-too-long and all-too-learned articles which frequently marred German periodicals have been notably absent. One recent essay may perhaps be singled out: "Zur Symbolik des Grals bei Wolfram von Eschenbach" by Professor Friedrich Ranke, formerly at Breslau and now at Basel (Jahrgang IV, Heft I, Februar 1946).

Like most pioneers and enthusiasts, Professor Staiger and Professor Spoerri may seem a little dogmatic, and rather one-sided; however, in view of all the dirty and troubled water which has flowed under the bridges of German literary history during the last thirteen years, it is indeed refreshing to drink of this pure stream from the Swiss mountains. It is always salutary, and indeed more necessary than ever before, for "Germanisten" to ask themselves: What is the purpose of our studies and teaching? What are we up to? There has certainly been too much politics, too much "blood and soil", and too much doubtful psychology in German literary history during recent years. And many "Germanisten" would also agree that we have had quite enough "Stoff- und Motivgeschichte", and more than enough "Geistesgeschichte" of the Gundolf kind. "Das Werk" and "der Text" are assuming a greater importance

than ever before. The Swiss professors are to be congratulated on the stand they have made, even if one does not entirely accept their principles and methods. At all events, the periodical "Trivium" has certainly a great deal to offer, and it might well be considered for the subscription list of University Libraries on this continent.

University of Manitoba

—S. D. Stirk

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Der Lebenslauf / Gedichte

Berthold Viertel. Aurora Verlag, New York, 1946; 112 Seiten, \$1.50.

Die kühlen Bauernstuben / Gedichte, Ernst Waldinger. Aurora Verlag, New York, 1946; 112 Seiten, \$1.50.

Die Zeit wird einmal kommen, wenn das Licht weniger grell sein wird: eine Zeit, die uns erlaubt, vorliegende Gedichte zweier im Exil lebenden Österreicher in aller Ruhe zu beurteilen. Aber dann ist die Gegenwart vorbei, aus der, ja für die sie geschrieben haben. Auf solche ruhigere Zeit zu warten wäre gerade für uns verfehlt, denn beide Viertel sowie Waldinger haben den Zeitgenossen, besonders uns Deutschlehrern Bedeutendes zu sagen.

Beide Dichter wurzeln im spezifisch Heimatlichen, sind jedoch zugleich in der größeren deutschen Überlieferung vollende zu Hause. Beiden ist die Fremde unleugbar dem alten Elend sämtlicher seit jeher ausgewiesenen Dichter gleichzusetzen, nur daß der jüngere, Waldinger, offenbar den Versuch gemacht hat, im Exil zugleich Asyl zu erblicken, was ihm nur Teilweis und etwas sprunghaft gelingt. Auch wird bei beiden das persönliche Elend des Exils vom überpersönlichen Elend des deutsch-österreichischen Schicksals der Kriegs- und Vorkriegsjahre noch übertroffen. Besonders interessant (und lobenswert!) ist die Haltung beider Vertriebenen der Muttersprache gegenüber: bei Viertel im Gedicht „Der nicht mehr deutsch spricht“, bei Waldinger im kleinen, äußerst schön geformten Zyklus „Treue zur Sprache“.

Berthold Viertel (und dies kann von ihm in noch höherem Grade als von Waldinger behauptet werden) scheint geistig mit dem Heimatland in keiner

Weise gebrochen zu haben, wie er überhaupt gewaltsamem Abbruche nicht zuneigt. Dies gilt in gleicher Weise für Kindheit, für Muttersprache, für die Vergangenheit im Allgemeinen, sowie fürs eigene Ich. Auch sehnt er sich nach einer besseren, einer gebesserten Welt, obgleich nirgends etwas nur entfernt Programmatishes vorgebracht wird, was in die Zukunft weisen könnte. Man wird den Eindruck nicht los, sein Blick dahin sei durch Rücksichten gehemmt, vor allen Dingen durch ein Übermaß von Treue zur Vergangenheit und Konsequenz mit sich selbst. Angesichts der Gegenwart erringt er sich daher eine Meisterschaft auf dem Gebiete des Hassens, die dann und wann spätheinesche Töne in sich birgt. Aber sowohl das vom Vergangenen Gehemmtsein wie die Konsequenz mit sich selber und der Groll „kriegsgefangen ohne Maher“ zu sein sind Qualitäten, die in paradoxer Weise seiner Lyrik zugutekommen. Unter vielen Gedichten, die das Gepräge mehr oder minder ephemerer — weil gerade negativer — Zeitbilder tragen, ragt hier und da ein „Gedenkstein“ hervor, der uns angesichts der vielen Opfertode mahnt:

Die ihr es später lest, bedenkt es hart,

Dem eurer Gegenwart gilt dieser Stein. Oder aus dem *scheinbar* Negativen schafft er ein Bild des Greuels wie das vom alten Totengräber „Gram“ oder von der eigenen Seele, die als Tote hinter seinem Leben herrennt und nicht wegzuschrecken ist („die Tote“). Ganz selten vereint und verwebt er Erlebtes mit einer unweltlichen Musik, wie z. B. in dem stark gefühlten und plastisch dargestellten Gedichte vom „Traum“.

Beim Lesen von Ernst Waldingers Gedichten kommt einem der vielumstrit-

tene Ausdruck *romantisch* nicht aus dem Sinn. Schon der Titel gibt den Grundton der Sehnsucht an. Waldinger sehnt sich nach dem verlorenen Paradiese zurück, ist sich aber zugleich seines Hierseins vollkommen bewußt. Selbst was Amerika betrifft, ist er jedoch geneigt, Vergangenes, Verschleiertes hervorzubehalten; beim Anblick des Hudsons denkt er an die Donau; wo Viertel Upton Sinclair feiert, wendet sich Waldinger an den Geist Thoreaus oder schreibt:

Dein muß' ich denken, Whitman, auf der Fähre.

Es ist für beide Dichter höchst bezeichnend, daß Waldinger an „die kühlen Bauernstuben“ Österreichs denkt, während Berthold Viertel zu der Totenmaske von Karl Kraus spricht.

Die Schlußzeilen von Waldingers Gedicht an Viertel („Einem Sechzigjährigen“) drücken den Wesensunterschied genau aus:

Und flammend noch mit weißem Haar  
Fragst du „Was wird?“ mehr als „Was war?“

So wird Viertel von seinem Kollegen gekennzeichnet. Reinere dichterische Töne gelingen Waldinger dem Halbbromantiker. Berthold Viertel dagegen ist nicht „nur“ Dichter; mit dem Namen bleibt sein Wesen noch unerschöpft.

—Herman Salinger

University of Kansas City.

### Der Dichter und die Zeit,

Ernst Wiechert. *Schriften zur Zeit*. Heft 9. Artemis-Verlag, Zürich, 1945.

In April 1935 Ernst Wiechert delivered a speech at the University of Munich which could not be published because of its outspoken criticism of Nazi indifference to moral values. It circulated clandestinely in numerous copies, however, a quiet, brave reminder of eternal verities among noisy slogans and shibboleths, a light and hope for some, and a remarkable tribute to its author's integrity and prescience. First published in a Chilean periodical in 1943, *Der Dichter und die Zeit*, in booklet form, was among the earliest of Wiechert's works to reach this country after the war. It should not be confused with his *Rede an die deutsche Jugend* of 1945, which on an unchanged basis of moral probity castigates his countrymen for succumbing to the temporal blandishments against which the earlier speech had warned in vain.

In its 20 pages *Der Dichter und die Zeit* is both a document of its time and

period, and a timeless exposition of the responsibilities of the writer to his society. Wiechert reproves the young Nazi poets who no longer speak of God, the right of love, or even the Great War; he berates literary critics who judge by political rather than by aesthetic criteria; he excoriates educators and writers (including Fallada) for their indifference to moral considerations — all with that heart-searching honesty and straightforwardness that was later to send him to Buchenwald. If a nation ceases to distinguish between right and wrong, he warns with uncommon prophetic vision, its destruction is imminent.

The main theme of the address is indicated by its title — the writer and his time. How far the poet should emerge from the ivory tower to serve political and social aims is an age-old problem. It is not possible for Wiechert to avoid the ugly questions of the time in childlike insouciance. While admitting that the poet's task is primarily to capture a small moment of eternity in the temporal confusion and intoxication, Wiechert is not able to stand aside, indifferent whether youth is reared unconscious of morality, of truth, freedom, goodness, and love. He feels that the writer must raise his voice that right may prevail on earth.

*Der Dichter und die Zeit* is an inspiring testimony to the humility, courage, and vision of a man of good will. His words of admonition, to be sure, were heeded beyond the excitement of the moment only by a few. The young heroes whom Wiechert hoped would fight for the Kingdom of God on earth were impotent and too few to hinder the march of evil that brought destruction not only to its perpetrators and their land, but to much of the rest of the world. But is that voice wholly in vain that attempts to spur mankind along the “slow ascent from dark confusion to ever-nearer stars”?

—William Webb Pusey

Washington and Lee University.

### Jean Paul und die Schweiz,

Eduard Berend. Huber and Co. Frauenfeld 1942. (*Die Schweiz im deutschen Geistesleben*.)

Dies liebevolle Büchlein des Meisters der Jean Paulforschung wird manchem durch seine Sachlichkeit nützlich und willkommen sein, besonders da es nicht wenig unveröffentlichte Briefe enthält. Was hat Richter über die Schweiz gelesen und ge-



schrieben? Welche Schweizer sind ihm persönlich oder durch ihre Werke nahe gekommen? Und wie ist er von der Schweiz aufgenommen worden? In fünf Kapiteln voll von Tatsachen und einer Reihe von Anmerkungen ist das erstaunlich vielseitige Material gegliedert. Doch hat Berend, wie schon früher, nicht die Neigung gehabt, Tiefenpsychologie zu treiben und etwa nach Jungscher Methode herauszufinden, was die Tatsachen über des Dichters Wesen aussagen möchten. Er kennt Jean Paul zu gut, um ihn auf eine Formel zu bringen oder auszu-deuten, und er liebt ihn mit der Kenner-schaft, die sich in der Entdeckung neuer Beziehungen befriedigt. Uns, denen diese tiefere Zuneigung zu Jean Paul versagt ist, wird das hübsche solide Büchlein aber willkommen sein, umsomehr als es uns in eine beinahe verschüttete und et-was fremd gewordene Welt gemütlicher Beziehungen zurückleitet. Berend meint, man könne einmal untersuchen, was Her-mann Hesse Jean Paul zu verdanken hät-te, und diese fruchtbare Anregung soll hier zumindest weitergegeben werden, da man schwer sonst etwas hervorheben kann, wenn alles in gleicher Art wichtig oder unwichtig ist. Berends Treue zu sei-nem Jean Paul ist mir das Schönste an seinem Buch.

Heinrich Meyer

### Freiheit und Ordnung.

*Abriss der Sozialutopien.* Ernst Bloch. Aurora Verlag, New York, 1946. 190 SS. \$2.25.

Ernst Bloch ist eine Autorität auf dem Gebiet der Utopien. „Thomas Münzer“ (1921), „Geist der Utopie“ (1923) und eigentlich alle seine Werke handeln von diesem Gebiet. Das vorliegende Buch kann man bezeichnen als eine Verflechtung der klaren Geschichtsdarstellung von H. Freyer (Die politische Insel, 1936) mit der Grübeleien K. Mannheims (Ideologie und Utopie, 1930).

Bewundernd und verwundert hebt man zuweilen den Blick aus dem Gedräng der Sätze; bewundernd die Fernsichten, die der Verfasser uns von vielen Hochpässen der Geistesgeschichte bietet; verwundert über alles das, was hier zur Utopie um-, auf- oder abgewertet ist. Platons Staatsentwurf sowohl wie die Prophetien beider Testamente, Fichtes „Geschlossener Handelsstaat“ wie Henry Georges „Progress and Poverty“. — Aber das ist in den zahlreichen neueren Schriften über Utopien fast überall so.

Das Buch hat Stil, aber einen hadern-

den, heischenden, heiseren Stil. Das Buch hat Kraft, aber die Kraft wirkt nur tenden-zios. So mitten in seinen schönsten Seiten (über Joachim di Fiore): „Aller Joachitismus kämpft mit Marx gegen die sozialen Prinzipien eines Christentums, das sich seit Paulus mit der Klassenge-sellschaft verbunden hat . . . bis herab zur Todfeindschaft des zweiten oder Pfaffenreichs in Joachims Sinn gegen das dritte, das in der Sowjetunion anfängt zu beginnen und von der Finsternis nicht begriffen oder auch wohl begriffen und verleumdet wird.“ (60) Und erst recht von den Schlußabschnitten läuft jeder auf einen Preis des Marxismus und Bol-schewismus hinaus.

—N. Fuerst

### A Realistic Philosophy,

K. F. Reinhardt. Bruce, Milwaukee, 1944; 268 pp.; \$2.75.

While the subject of this book has no bearing on the teaching of German, the author is of interest to us, being a teacher of German. From a professor of the history of literature we expect a historical approach, and indeed the author constantly returns to historical perspectives. Although the Realistic Philosophy consists for him exclusively of the Aristotelian-Thomistic-Catholic tradition, he is so free from theological dogmatism that he finds no difficulty in saying, „Luther once remarked with keen psychological and metaphysical insight . . .“ (p. 25); or „the heroic and tragic experience of a man like Fr. Nietzsche . . .“ (p. 76).

In the four chapters (Metaphysics, Ethics, Political, and Economic Philosophy) the Realistic Philosophy steers an even course between the extremes of materialism and of idealism. The author certainly betrays no preference for German philosophers. But when he comes to modern political philosophies and is so much harder on Fascism than on Bol-shevism (189-95), one can only find that odd, both from a Catholic and from a German standpoint.

The book is challenging in its intran-sigence; it is also admirable in its unity; it is consistent and compact. If there is merit for a professor of German in cul-tivating a specialty beyond the confines of our field (say general linguistics or comparative literature), it is certainly a merit for Professor Reinhardt to have written this solid book of comparative Western, i. e. Christian philosophy.

—N. Fuerst

### Goethe und die Generale,

Erich Weniger. Mit 30 Bildtafeln. Leipzig, Inselverlag, 1942.

This book by a military historian appeared in an earlier form in 1940 in the *Jahrbuch des Freien Deutschen Hochstifts*, but is here partially improved, though without notes and index. While it is generally believed that Goethe contributed little if anything to the *Deutsche Bewegung* which Nohl and Meinecke conceived, Goethe's own contemporaries who were leading in the wars against Napoleon and not too few, though neither too many, of the younger generation felt that Goethe represented something like Germany's cultural unity in a time of dispersion and political turmoil. Weniger, whose very diction and main concepts show the school of Schlieffen's historiography and military ideals, attempts to show that Goethe deliberately aimed at a goal — the preservation of German unity and intellectual independence. This is, no doubt, wrong, for Goethe had no such purposes in his make-up. Weniger also means to show what connections existed between Goethe and the enemies of Napoleon, both in cultural relations and political or military interests. The investigation of this topic is highly successful. The author has not only scrutinized with care the diaries and letters of Goethe and his military contemporaries, but unearthed interesting material from the archives. These sources elucidate a little known phase of Goethe's interests, particularly the relations with Müffling and Rühle. At the same time we learn much about the Goethe knowledge of the military groups of the period and, while the enumeration of entries in the diaries offers little of value except an occasional sidelight on the composition of the *Annalen*, we can nevertheless see what a power Goethe was among young and old officers. The seventh chapter, *The Prussian Generals and the Poetry of Goethe's Time*, is beautifully written and highly instructive.

The other chapters suffer from a lack of psychology. So often we find the author whittling away on clear facts because they do not conform with his thesis of a patriotic Goethe; more often yet we see him polishing up a vague expression, even a casual contact at a bathing resort or with young visitors, in order to present Goethe in a patriotic setting. To give one example. Goethe is freed

from the blame, as Weniger sees it, of August's failure to join the volunteers since August would have been the one to make the decision. When one knows August as the obedient son with his feeling of inadequacy and his loyalty to the father and when one reads the letters of others on the matter, not the slightest doubt can remain on Goethe's direction of the affair; it was he who shouldered the son with this as with many another unsupportable burden. Why? Because he did not see a patriotic duty as the younger people saw it and as, quite unnecessarily, Weniger imputes it to Goethe; nor did he consider the social consequence for his son. The duel with the leader of the volunteers was again avoided through his interference, but a blemish attached to August, especially in the eyes of Otilie. How bitter this became shows the incident of that charming young hero Heinke, who served Mann for a motive too. Weniger mentions the little "Roman" between Heinke, Otilie and Adele Schopenhauer, but he does not mention August's agony. What could August do but acknowledge the higher wisdom of his father and firm himself by raging against his own natural feelings of patriotism? The cult of Napoleon, whose Legion Cross the son treasured after the father had laid it aside, goes naturally with his unhappy marriage. His inflammable future wife could play with patriots and Englishmen, but August had failed in her eyes during the time of political excitement. The word "collaborator" was not known yet, but people's feelings ran just as high then and were just as deeply wounded.

Worse yet, Goethe's loyalty to the Duke is not understood in its human and political relationships. We need not make so much of Goethe's poetical picture, which Falk reports and which Weniger puts in the proper setting: Goethe sentimentalizes himself as the old Goethe who, somewhat like his *Harfenspieler*, roams through the lands as a lost soul, ever loyal to Karl August and to the fine unwise, yet princely feelings he had shown in protecting some opponents of Napoleon right in Weimar, loyal also to the Duke whom he pictures banned from his throne. Yet, we should by all means note that the Duke, whose feelings Goethe so lovingly penetrated, was an officer in the allied armies while Goethe, who still had his political mission and as an impartial figure a greater diplomatic validity than a partisan, was

helping to hold his throne in the unpredictable movements of the war. No wonder he was trying to gauge the prospects, though a natural interest in the politics of the time is hardly unexpected from the minister of a state. Weniger, who knows incredibly much about the officers and their relations, their characters and their military value, never comes to Goethe's real personality. The unfortunate fate of apologists!

Unhistorical is the treatment of the Prussian army before the reorganization because the failures and weaknesses of this army are seen too much in the light of later criticism, just as the reorganization itself is seen in terms of Schlieffen's definition of staff and responsible leader; yet, much that Burdach never noticed becomes clearer in Weniger's discussion of the *Campagne* when viewed, as so many military failures must be viewed, as a problem of personalities and poor organization. This part of the book is valuable and adds to our understanding of Goethe. Also useful are the references to Goethe's reading of military literature. If ever the Diaries will be edited with notes, the editor can rely on the reading of Weniger, since he will himself not be able to read completely every work Goethe entered.

Thus the book is most meritorious in several respects, both as a collection of materials and as a help in interpretations; yet, when we look at it as a presentation of Goethe's "patriotism" and attitude toward Prussia and the army that fought against Napoleon, it lacks understanding and penetration.

It would be foolish to judge such a book politically or to deny its right of existence since we, ourselves, might now think, much as Goethe did in 1778, that the Prussian army should not have played the part it did play. But we must see that the patriotism of the younger generation and the military, though it may not have done any ultimate good, was to a great extent a poetical creation or sheer propaganda. It was England which invented that not exactly subtle appeal to the holders of thrones and masters of armies when it made Napoleon the "heir of the revolution" and fanned the hatred between the Germans and their recently discovered "Erbfeinde". While the Stol-

bergs had their poetical hatred against the *Franken* thirty years before the next youth movement and while Goethe had paid tribute to this movement in his Frankfurt days, the propaganda of Goerres, the place of Stein, the publicity of Arndt and Jahn, and the entire new complex of political hatred was not free of the British tinge. Goethe had passed that phase long ago and told Goerres so in plain words. He could not intoxicate himself with magnificent, inexpensive emotions and words; he could not be a patriot in the sense of young Körner anymore than in the sense of old Moser or even Puetter. Nor did he have to glory in these social pleasures since he was not a man of action, not even a man of decision. His sentiments were less strong than Alexander von Humboldts, who certainly was all but a rabblouser, and his outlook was closer to Haugwitz and Metternich than to either Boyen or Stein. Besides, even had he been otherwise inclined or endowed, he could not in his position have afforded to express such patriotic feelings. It is therefore especially regrettable that Weniger passes over the most magnificent victory of humanity over crude power that Goethe ever could observe closely, the victory of Duchess Luise over Napoleon. Goethe did not have to follow his Duke into a poetic exile, for his Duchess saved his throne, and gained, incredible though it must seem, Napoleon's admiration. And this, too, explains somewhat why Napoleon appeared less hateful to the Weimar group than to the propagandists who lacked all scepticism.

We might finally add that Weniger did not say everything he knew because he could easily have said too much. The impenetrably rich and lonesome genius of Scharnhorst, so different from the lusty haters and able versifiers of the epoch, stands as his hero behind the mass of minor figures. And just in this case the sources failed. Weniger loves Goethe and German literature too much to admit a complete lack of contact and therefore touchingly supposes that Scharnhorst might have read Götz and Werther when they first appeared. Napoleon at least read the latter.

—Heinrich Meyer

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